

Von Hoffman Against SALT • Will Intellectuals Conquer the World?

Where to Stick the MX Missile—*Morton M. Kondracke*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 16, 1979

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Can This Couple Be Saved?

Martin Duberman on Masters and Johnson

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from Washington
June 16, 1979

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Abroad for Peace

Sixty years ago another president went to Europe on another peace mission. The old Hamburg Amerika liner *George Washington* warped out from the Hoboken dock into the crowded Hudson, five destroyers churning in mid-stream and firing 21-gun salutes. Every whistle in the harbor blew and an army dirigible and two airplanes (yes, airplanes) circled above. President Wilson stood with his wife on the captain's bridge looking back and shivering a little at his responsibility, to make a parliament of man. In the narrows came a faint trilling over the wind—the voices of hundreds of children singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on the grassy slopes of Staten Island. It was music; it was Godspeed; it was prayer.

Things are changed now. President Carter goes by air. A planeload of reporters follows. Not perhaps in 60 years has a presidential journey been so momentous. Soon we shall have the treaty. Soon we shall hear the Senate reaction. Soon we shall guess whether the two giant paranoiacs with their nuclear bombs can sign any treaty, can put a cap on any arms race, however mild.

Sixty years ago in June, Senator Sherman told the Senate that the papacy would rule the new League. The battle had begun. Twenty-eight nationally known Republicans urged that "political partisanship should have no place" in the

fight. The *Literary Digest* published a poll of the American press: "Do you favor the League of Nations?" The answer was yes, almost four to one. People didn't know what Senate Republican leader Jim Watson revealed later in his memoirs—a dinner conversation with Henry Cabot Lodge. How could they defeat the treaty, Watson asked, when "80 percent of the people are for it?"

"Ah my dear James," Lodge allegedly responded, "I do not propose to try to beat it by direct frontal attack but by the indirect method of reservations." Reservations and amendments, that was the trick; and the country went back to isolationism for 20 years. Some of the comments in the Senate debate were notable: "God pity the ideals of this Republic," cried Borah, "if it shall have no defenders save the gathered scum of the nations organized into a conglomerate police force." Said Hiram Johnson, "The British Empire can demand American blood to subdue Ireland." Said Lodge, "Internationalism, illustrated by the Bolsheviki . . . is to me repulsive."

And so Wilson started on his back-breaking whistle-stop tour through the West, trying to do what Jimmy Carter can do in a twinkling by television when he gets back. Yet even mechanical marvels like TV are no good without the other marvel, the magic touch of leadership. Wilson made 40 speeches in 22 days, in 17 states, traveling 8000 miles, writing his own addresses and trailed by a vindictive "truth-squad" of Borah, Johnson and Reed. He predicted "with absolute certainty" another world war if his effort failed.

"My clients are the children; my clients are the next generation," he said just before he collapsed. "They do not know what promises and bonds I undertook when I ordered the armies of the United States to the soil of France, but I know, and I intend to redeem my pledges to the children; they shall not be sent upon a similar errand."

President Carter will make an appeal like this, I suppose, when he returns from Vienna. But the war Carter has in mind is different from Wilson's. It might be called a terminal war. It is fought not by armies marching across borders but by men throwing switches. And when the war ends there is nobody to surrender to.

It was the fault of the Founding Fathers. They did Wilson in, as they may Carter. They put the Senate two-thirds requirement into treaty ratification. The Wilson Senate of 96 members took

the final vote in March 1920 and there was a majority for the League of Nations, 49 to 35; but it was seven votes short of the constitutional requirement that might have headed off World War II.

So now comes SALT. Even its advocates agree it is no quick fix that will achieve permanent peace. The technical details are incomprehensible. To many people it is a matter of trust. Do you suspect the Americans who negotiated the agreement were gullible innocents? Then vote against it. On the other hand, do you put store in the fact that America's NATO allies, through their foreign ministers at the Hague, May 31, unanimously backed it? Support it then! The soul-searchings one hears here are agonized, almost theological. It has the apocalyptic quality of Armageddon, out of the 18th verse of the 16th chapter of Revelations:

And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great.

We don't normally quote the Bible, so let's go to the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment, which has prepared a report for the Senate debate, estimating the costs of nuclear war. It is low-keyed, no purple passages. It notes that "a large-scale nuclear exchange would be a calamity unprecedented in human history." (Thunder . . . earthquakes?)

The OTA gives the reader the choice of four graduated catastrophes. The two belligerents would not suffer identically in casualties, it says: American population and industries are bunched closer together and an initial Soviet attack would kill more. Since the American economy is stronger we would have a better chance of recovery, if recovery is possible. If there were a final all-out exchange, US casualties might start at "only" 20 to 50 million, with the top range 165 million. Russia's might be 100 million, with famine and possibly anarchy. Fumes and radiation would also involve other countries, and the children would suffer aftereffects.

Statistics won't frighten nations into peace. Nor should Carter make timid concessions because of fear. Personally I think Carter is rather a cool figure. I go back to his speech at Annapolis, in June a year ago, in which he cast a calm balance sheet between the US and Russia, and pointed out America's profound advantages. It's up to Russia, he concluded. Confrontation or cooperation?

Correspondence

Bankrupt thoughts on energy policy

To the editors:

Your articles on energy policy (most recently, "The Guys in Abu Dhabi," *TNR*, June 2) are classic illustrations of the bankruptcy of liberal-capitalist thinking which relies on variants of market solutions to problems engendered by advanced capitalism. For example, you adopt the oil industry line and support decontrol of domestic oil prices because, among other reasons, "domestic controls increase the demand for oil." In future statements, I hope you will provide some evidence to support your belief that, within a reasonable range, demand for the oil products is price elastic. If the quadrupling of oil prices since the Arab embargo has not cut demand either here or in Europe, on what basis do you suggest that decontrol will promote conservation?

Your continued defense of the profit motive as an element in public policy is evidence that your brand of liberalism is inadequate to deal with contemporary problems. Reliance on the profit motive in the matter of energy has led to reliance on foreign oil supplies, inadequate development of alternative energy sources, the development of a domestic oil cartel and a host of other socially deleterious consequences. Some day the lesson will be learned: investment decisions regarding public welfare cannot be left in private hands.

Marc Levine
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University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

An alternative to racial quotas

To the editors:

In praising, as an "alternative" to racial quotas, separate programs that prepare blacks to succeed "without racial preference," Diane Ravitch ("Color-Blind or Color-Conscious?" *TNR*, May 5) makes the same mistakes made by many well-meaning, well-educated, well-bred liberal critics of affirmative action: she conveniently overlooks the racial preference inherent in targeting any special program exclusively for members of one race. An "economically disadvantaged" white youngster may have just as much trouble finishing high

school or getting into college without special tutoring or financial aid as a similarly "disadvantaged" minority student, but be ineligible for such tutoring or aid because of the color of his or her skin. And this Ms. Ravitch calls "treating people as individuals"?

The core problem, whichever way one approaches it, is of criteria for allocation of inevitably scarce resources. Assigning positions on the basis of race treats people as members of a group and not as individuals whether those positions are in "the most selective colleges" or in special tutoring programs to help students get into those colleges. Setting up special, separate programs exclusively for blacks differs from using quotas to insure black participation in existing programs only in that quotas aim directly at integration, whereas separate programs by definition require racial segregation. After all, at least some whites are eligible when quotas are used. But perhaps the real difference, for people like Diane Ravitch, is that racial admission quotas for colleges and graduate schools, unlike separate remedial programs for blacks, strike too close to home.

David C. Sobelsohn
Stanford Law School
Stanford, California

Watergate antidote

To the editors:

Joseph Rauh's splendid review of Judge Sirica's memoir (*To Set the Record Straight*, *TNR*, May 26) was as pure an application of the libertarian ethic as we should hope for. The piece is admirable for what it states and even more so for what it omits: there is a blissful absence of hysteria, vengeance, hyperbole, hypocrisy, smugness and cant. Instead, Mr. Rauh gives us reason, justice and a fine adherence to process. His approach is the true antidote to the crimes of Watergate.

David Lebedoff
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Our real enemies

To the editors:

SALT and peace are based on mutual trust and respect. Your article ("We Support SALT," *TNR*, May 5) is full of mistrust and disrespect toward the

USSR. Examples: "... judging from what the Soviets are up to." "Would the Soviets cheat? We believe they would." "We judge the Soviet Union to be ... a scourge ... a menace ... our enemy" (emphasis mine).

After Cambodia, Watergate and Vietnam can we neutrals judge what the US is up to? Would the US cheat?—yes, I believe the Pentagon would. Were you not a scourge, a menace and enemy during your invasions of Southeast Asia, the Dominican Republic, Lebanon?

We all have faults. But we can no longer afford to consider other human beings as "enemies." Our common enemies are war, poverty, race hatred. We *must* trust and respect each other. If not, those real enemies will destroy our race.

Eugène H. Lehman, PhD
Professeur de Mathématiques
Université du Québec à Trois-Rivières, Québec

Equivocation

To the editors:

I feel equivocal about many things, Washington Diarist, nuclear power and Woody Allen's *Manhattan* among them, but I cannot be noncommittal when it comes to Mr. Kauffmann's statement that Allen's performance in his latest film "has his recently acquired negative virtue of avoiding physical comedy" (*TNR*, May 19). One scene particularly stands out wherein the Allen character berates his best friend (Michael Murphy) for returning to his girlfriend Diane Keaton. The scene takes place in a classroom near where Murphy was interrupted while teaching a class, and its sets up one of the best physical comedy gags since *What's Up Doc?* But there's a difference: Allen does more than imitate the humor in silent comedy; he goes it one better.

Agee, perhaps, said it best in the now famous article, "Comedy's Greatest Era":

A proper delaying of the ultrapredictable can of course be just as funny as a properly timed explosion of the unexpected. As Lloyd approaches the end of his horrible hegira up the side of the building in Safety Last, it becomes clear to the audience, but not to him, that if he raises his head another couple of inches he is going to get murderously conked by one of the four arms of a revolving wind gauge. He delays the evil moment almost interminably, with one distraction and another, and every delay is a suspense heightening laugh.

(continued on page 40)



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Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31,	
	1978	1977
Total Income	\$ 65,137,912	\$ 52,823,191
Benefits and expenses	54,870,616	46,046,539
Income before income taxes and realized invest- ment gains (losses)	10,267,296	6,776,652
Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized in- vestment gains (losses) ...	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	\$ 144,993,410	\$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	\$1,504,894,000	\$1,289,000,000

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Cover: Palaestra scene. First half of the fifth century BC. Article on page 24.

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June 16, 1979



OPEC and the Poorest

Since the oil crisis of 1973-74, American attention has naturally been fixed on the consequences the oil producers' cartel has imposed on the West. The US has suffered a variety of problems stemming entirely or in part from the higher price of imported fuel. The worst is inflation: the consumer price index has risen by about 50 percent in the last five years. The trade deficit has worsened from \$6.7 billion in 1972 to \$28.5 billion last year. Prices for gasoline, home heating oil and factory fuels have climbed steadily; the nation's growth rate has slowed to a crawl. But if OPEC has made life uncomfortable for Americans, its effect on the world's poor countries has been much more painful. For some of these nations—known in the accepted jargon as less-developed countries, or LDCs—the price increase for fuel has been a severe problem. For others it has been a catastrophe.

OPEC's original price boosts five years ago created two fundamental problems for the poor countries. First it drained off most of their foreign exchange, which for most of them was not much to begin with. Second, it raised a big obstacle to the economic growth needed to raise their living standards. The LDCs met the first problem by borrowing heavily from private and public sources in the West. This enables them to maintain past levels of oil imports. But this was only a temporary answer. Borrowing to pay for present consumption, rather than investment, cannot go on for long. In any event the heavy debts of third world countries served by 1978 to discourage further loans. As William J. Quirk has noted ("The Bankers' Dilemma," *TNR*, January 27), American banks alone have lent nearly \$38 billion to the LDCs. There are good reasons to be

skeptical about how much of this will ever be repaid. These loans have been used to cover the LDCs' steadily deteriorating trade balances. In 1978 these countries ran up a total deficit of about \$30 billion—nearly four times the deficit they ran in pre-OPEC years.

The effect of OPEC on third world economic growth has been very bad indeed. The State Department estimated that the 10 percent OPEC price boost at the end of 1978 would reduce net growth in these countries by 0.3 percent. This figure would have been much worse if Mexico—now a major oil exporter and thus a beneficiary of OPEC—had not been included in the calculations. The State Department also projected that the total trade deficit for non-OPEC LDCs would rise to nearly \$40 billion this year. That estimate was based, however, on a 10 percent price increase. Since December, OPEC has announced yet another price increase, with spot prices going as high as \$30 a barrel—double the official price. These increases will further stifle economic growth in oil importing countries, particularly poor ones.

Among the poor countries OPEC's impact has varied considerably. There are three kinds of LDCs. First, there are the countries like South Korea, Taiwan and Brazil, which compared to the rest of the third world are affluent and fairly industrialized. These countries are the biggest oil consumers among the LDCs, but they have been hurt less by OPEC than the others, since they produce manufactured goods as well as "primary commodities"—minerals, agricultural products and the like. Thus they are not vulnerable to the low prices for primary commodities that have prevailed in recent years, and they can obtain foreign

exchange through exports. These countries also can barter with the OPEC nations for concessions. India, for example, has provided Iraq with help in oil exploration. In exchange it gets the right to extract a portion of any discoveries at a price below that set by OPEC. South Korea eased the crunch on its foreign exchange simply by increasing exports of goods and services to Saudi Arabia. Its construction contracts with the Saudis will bring in \$4.5 billion this year, just about enough to cover its fuel bill.

In the second category are the poorest countries, like Nepal, Mali and Laos. These countries are the most helpless to deal with the OPEC price increases. Most of them have no oil, few natural resources, very little saving and investment, and only the dimmest hope for economic progress. They have few exports and hence have to borrow to pay for oil imports. But their problems would not be appreciably less serious if OPEC had never been created. The price of oil is an obstacle to their development, but other obstacles (the lack of natural resources, the absence of participatory political institutions, the maldistribution of wealth, the lack of an entrepreneurial class) are even bigger. Too much of the oil imported by these countries goes not to power tractors and assembly lines, but to fuel the mansions and limousines of the privileged class.

The countries that have been hurt most dramatically are those that have forgone real economic progress as a result of OPEC's prices. These fall somewhere in between the other two groups. This third group consists of those countries that have somewhat diversified economies and some exports, such as Kenya, Thailand and the Ivory Coast. These countries had been on the verge of real industrialization, but they suddenly were crippled by the soaring cost of oil. Instead of devoting an increasing share of their resources to investment, they have had to spend vast amounts of money just to keep oil imports high enough to maintain their already low standards of living. These countries are the real victims of OPEC—those that in its absence would have made real gains in economic growth since 1973.

The OPEC nations have sharply increased their aid to the LDCs since they began jacking up the price of oil five years ago. In 1973, for example, Kuwait spent \$345 million on foreign aid; in 1977 the figure was \$1.4 billion. In all, OPEC's member nations have doubled their aid to other countries in the last five years. This places no great strain on the OPEC countries, since they have increased their export earnings several times over during that time. They are not doing it purely out of altruism, either. Most of them have more money than they can spend, and the aid to the rest of the third world buys a lot of political allies at a bargain price. Most of the African countries had good relations with Israel up until 1973. But their dependence on OPEC, and their vulnerability to its retribution, have caused almost all of them to change allegiances. Almost every

one of the black African countries voted for the notorious "Zionism-is-racism" resolution in the United Nations. (The third world is not uniquely immoral in this respect. Most Western countries, particularly France and Britain, also have chilled their relations with Israel since 1973.)

But this aid only begins to offset the damage wreaked by OPEC on the world's poor countries. It adds up to only a small fraction of their higher oil bills. It will be many years before the LDCs recover from the blow of higher oil prices; for some it may be generations. As we have noted before, there are measures the US can take to weaken OPEC's stranglehold on the world economy (see "The Moral Equivalent of Verdun," *TNR*, April 14). These measures would make life in the West more prosperous and comfortable, which is reason enough to employ them. But their effect in the poor nations would be to make possible the sort of economic growth that can lift them out of their wretched poverty. As long as OPEC maintains its cartel, the world's poor will suffer greatly from its suffocation of economic growth. That makes breaking OPEC all the more urgent.

More Heat, Less Light

In its two-year battle to ease the energy crisis the Carter administration has made more than a reasonable number of confusing zigzags and blunders, but surely few more dismaying than its May 25 decision to provide a five-dollar-a-barrel subsidy for imports of middle distillate products—commonly known as home heating oil and diesel fuel. The ill effects of the decision were felt quickly. The announcement enraged the nations of Western Europe, which rightly felt that Carter was trying to soothe American pain by aggravating theirs. ("Carter Declares Energy War," read the headline in the London *Daily Mirror*.) Worse was that the subsidy flagrantly violates the stated objectives of Carter's own energy proposals, and that in the end it did not even accomplish what it was supposed to. In fact it made everything worse.

The subsidy was designed by the Department of Energy to fit into the grotesquely complicated entitlements program, a much maligned but little understood system designed to spread the cost of OPEC's high prices equally among all US oil refiners. It works like this: for every barrel of expensive foreign oil a refinery purchases, it gets an "entitlement" to purchase a certain amount of cheaper domestic oil. The refiners buy and sell these "entitlements," and the result is that no matter where a particular refiner buys its crude oil, all refiners pay a cost per barrel representing the same average of domestic and imported oil prices. The entitlements program essen

tially uses the cheapness of domestic oil to subsidize imports of foreign oil. It encourages refiners to increase their oil imports, since every barrel they import entitles them to purchase more cheap domestic oil.

DOE has recommended scrapping the entitlements program, but meanwhile the department is adding to its complexity and irrationality by tacking on five dollars of extra "entitlements" to each imported barrel of imported heating and diesel oil. DOE's purpose in this was to make sure that Americans who consume home heating oil don't have to pay what the rest of the world pays, and to make sure that our supplies don't run low next winter. This last is a danger because the current gasoline shortage has caused refiners to cut back on home heating oil production in order to increase their output of gasoline. It is no coincidence that home heating oil consumption is highest in New England, which includes Massachusetts. Massachusetts is the home state of both Edward Kennedy and Tip O'Neill, two people the White House is trying to keep happy. The administration apparently was worried that a fall in imports of middle distillates (down a third the week of May 25 from the same week a year ago) would make it impossible for refiners to rebuild their inventories. Those inventories already are down to 118 million barrels, below what DOE considers the minimum level.

The subsidy reflects President Carter's continuing indecision over whether or not American consumers should have to pay the world price for petroleum products. He frequently emphasizes, as he should, that the only intelligent way to promote conservation of oil here is to force American consumers to pay the cost of replacing it—in other words, the world price. His phased decontrol of crude oil prices has this goal. Carter knows the importance of raising US prices, but he lacks the nerve to accept the political consequences. So far he has refused to press for lifting price controls on gasoline, which have at least mildly encouraged consumption. This latest measure reflects his unwillingness to antagonize voters in the Northeast, which makes political but not economic sense.

Besides violating the central premise of Carter's energy policy, the subsidy didn't accomplish anything. If the world price had remained where it was before the news got out that the US was going to enact this measure, the American consumers would have enjoyed the luxury of paying five dollars less than the rest of the world. But the spot market in Rotterdam responded immediately, with the spot price rising by \$6.72 per barrel—more than cancelling out the subsidy. That the spot market would bid up the price by the amount of the subsidy was entirely foreseeable; that the price got bid up even higher was a result of the panicky atmosphere created by the US's crude double-cross of its Western European friends. After the dust settled the US was worse off than before, with the price higher and the prospect for a greater share of imports still dim. Carter had done nothing for American consumers and

offended the same countries whose help he will need if OPEC's grip on the West is ever to be broken. The only hope was that he might have learned something from this episode.

The work of his operatives provides some hints.

What's Teddy Up To?

Poor Ted Kennedy. For the past couple of weeks, he's taken a hearty buffeting in the press from those who think he's being too aggressive, too grasping, as well as from those who believe he's lying back too long and being far too cautious. By provoking open confrontations with President Carter on issues like oil decontrol and national health insurance, one group says, at the same time allowing the various draft Kennedy activities to go unchecked, the senator is impairing Carter's ability to govern. On the other hand, according to the *New York Times*, prominent labor leaders and union presidents who would like to be for Teddy in 1980 are tired of his litany that he expects Carter to run and expects to support him. Old Kennedy friends who have laid back waiting for some inside word are said to be nervous about the rampaging volunteers they read about in the papers. Everyone is tired of reading between the lines in speeches like the one when Teddy says how happy he is to be in New York, "where they have 41 electoral votes." The senator, the press has begun to say, is becoming a tease.

White House political operatives view the race for the Democratic nomination as a two-man contest. They know most of the people involved in the draft Kennedy movement well enough to know that even though they are for Kennedy first, if he doesn't run most will drift back to President Carter, however reluctantly. The draft Kennedy people don't want to dump Carter for just anybody, especially not for Jerry Brown. Better the devil they know than the devil they don't.

The soft line coming out of the Carter reelection committee is that the people there have no expectation that Kennedy will endorse President Carter until he makes a formal announcement of running for reelection. Despite polls from key primary states showing him behind Kennedy by two to one and worse, Carter is depicted as supremely confident that if Kennedy gets in, he'll whop him in the primaries, just as he believes he would have done in 1976. Meanwhile, Democratic National Chairman John White has taken on the responsibility of tagging the draft Kennedy crowd as party wreckers. When five Democratic congressmen announced the formation of a Coalition of Democratic Alternatives, White promptly called a news conference

to denounce them for driving a divisive wedge into party ranks. White suggested they were bound to deliver the presidency on a silver platter to the likes of Ronald Reagan or John Connally. White likened his activities on behalf of Carter to the sorts of things that the late Democratic national chairman John Bailey did for John F. Kennedy in 1960. White has his dates mixed up. John Bailey was state chairman in Connecticut in 1960 when he helped *nominate* John Kennedy. It was in 1968 that he used his office as national chairman to try to stomp out an insurgency. In January of that year, Bailey said, "The Democratic National Convention is as good as over. It'll be Lyndon Johnson, and that's that." So much for the political prescience of national chairmen.

Events around the country indicate that the draft Kennedy crowd and the Carter political operatives see things in roughly the same way. There are no longer large blocks of uncommitted delegates to be held back and delivered late; proportional representation applies in every caucus and primary this time around; complicated rules must be mastered and early filing deadlines must be met. Also, 10 percent of the next convention will be comprised of automatic delegates, party and elected officials presumably backing President Carter.

If Kennedy is to get anywhere, he must begin early and be prepared to stay the course. Both sides agree on that much. Those promoting a Kennedy candidacy believe that if he does run, the senator may not want to enter until after the first couple of caucuses and primaries, until there has been some unmistakable sign that the party wants an alternative to Carter. This is where the write-in efforts come in. So if Kennedy can be kept off the ballot or his support dries up in the early going, both sides reason, the Kennedy threat will wither. This has led to some sophisticated political skirmishing around the country.

In Florida, for example, Carter operatives attempted to block the Democratic party's plans to hold a straw vote at its November convention. They were unsuccessful, despite the support of Governor Bob Graham. Four years ago, when he was touting himself as the acceptable southern alternative to George Wallace, Carter endorsed and promoted a similar poll, which he won decisively, then used to prove he could effectively challenge Wallace in Dixie. Though it is binding on no one, the Florida poll will be the first public test of 1980, and it is a risky one for the pro-Kennedy folks who insisted on holding it. Half the delegates will be handpicked by party leaders who are Carter's strongest backers.

In New Hampshire, when it was learned that a former Udall organizer named Dudley Dudley was thinking of starting a Kennedy write-in operation, she was offered a \$25,000 part-time federal job. She refused. In Virginia, where Carter expects to win, the

party was persuaded to move its caucuses up six weeks to offset any bad results that might come out of New England. When Cuyahoga County (Cleveland) Democratic Chairman Tim Hagan announced plans to have a draft Kennedy resolution passed by the county convention, former Ohio governor Michael DiSalle was recruited to stop the move. He persuaded Hagan to back off, but the convention delegates adopted the resolution anyway. In Illinois, Chicago mayor Jane Byrne, a maverick politician with national political ties to no one in particular, sits at the head of a largely Irish pro-Kennedy Democratic organization, with the result that Byrne is being heavily wooed by the White House.

An interesting battle is under way in New York which tells a good deal about the game and the stakes. A committee appointed by the state party to design a new primary came up with an April 29 date, which, it reasoned, would maximize New York's influence on the national primary map. Then the White House sent some representatives to New York to suggest an earlier date, March 25. The difference? If the April date were adopted, candidate petitions could be filed after the Florida primary and before Illinois, which, presumably, is to Kennedy's advantage. If the earlier March date wins approval, petitions will have to be filed before the New Hampshire results are known, which might freeze Kennedy out of New York.

And so it goes, constant skirmishing between the Carter and Kennedy camps, with Kennedy keeping his options open and saying exactly what he has said for the last year. At that time, it was generally presumed that Kennedy would never permit things to polarize so quickly between Carter and himself, precisely because then the senator would begin to inherit some of the blame for the president's inability to get things done. Yet things have polarized and he is being blamed. Senator Moynihan said the other day, for example, that Carter seems more and more to be governing "at the sufferance of Mr. Kennedy." Kennedy has obviously done plenty to encourage the polarization. At the party's midterm conference in December, he threw down the gauntlet; then, a few days later, specifically dissented from Carter's attempt to trivialize their differences. In January, after being without a political aide for more than a year, Kennedy hired Carl Wagner, a highly regarded professional who is intimately familiar with the party's nominating procedures and who has not sat out a presidential election since before he was old enough to vote. When the president's budget came down, Kennedy disputed its priorities. When the president announced his oil decontrol-windfall profits scheme, Kennedy called it a "transparent fig leaf" and a capitulation to the oil companies. Of course, he might have just been speaking as chairman of the energy subcommittee. And then he announced his national health insurance plan, far more ambitious and politically popular—at least among important Democratic interest groups—than Carter's own. Of course,

Kennedy also is chairman of the health subcommittee.

Most people conclude from all this, personal motives aside, that Ted Kennedy is much closer to an active candidacy today than he was a year ago when he began saying he expected Carter to run, expected to support him and so forth. At the White House, where potential Kennedy supporters are being urged to get on board with Carter early, they argue that Kennedy won't run, because if he did, he would jeopardize SALT, the most important item on the liberal agenda. They also say that he won't run because Teddy is too much of a mainstream Democrat to challenge an incumbent president of his own party and thereby risk losing the White House to the Republicans. He may flirt a bit just to improve his bargaining position with President Carter on issues where they disagree, but he'll back down. John White weighs in with the hard-line argument that the draft Kennedy activity could really wreck the party by leading to an independent candidacy like that of Eugene McCarthy in 1976.

To take last things first, there are too many regular Democrats involved in the draft Kennedy maneuvers to take White's charge seriously. Five democratic congressmen, the attorney general in New York, county chairmen, national committee members, more than half the Democratic membership of the state senate in Oregon—these are not the types to launch a third party effort of any sort. Besides, McCarthy worked for more than two years to meet the complicated and difficult state ballot requirements around the country, and time has begun to run out in some places already.

The facts are that if Kennedy were going to run, he would be doing just about what he actually is doing—staking out his differences clearly, keeping his electoral options open, but stopping short of announcing so as not to exacerbate the governmental stalemate. The senator has good reasons for continuing to lie back, both political and personal. In the first place, it is always possible that the incumbent will be able to turn things around in the next six months, depending on how things go with energy, inflation, SALT II and Bert Lance. Also, many of the people he might one day like to have in his camp are politicians, public officials, union leaders and the other sorts who must do business with the Carter administration for the next 19 months, whether or not the president is renominated or reelected. Governor Hugh Carey and Mayor Ed Koch in New York might one day prefer to line up with Kennedy for the simple political reason that he would be a much stronger candidate in New York. But they would also like to have the 1980 convention in New York City, and they know Carter controls \$40 million to \$50 million in discretionary funds they can't afford to squander over the issue of whether the New York primary will be held March 25 or April 29.

Then too, if Ted Kennedy were to announce any interest in the presidency before the 10th anniversary

of Chappaquiddick passes in mid-July, it would only intensify what is certain to be an extensive rehashing of that issue.

Finally, Kennedy simply doesn't need to do anything more for the time being. The skirmishing over rules and primary dates, the growing number of elected Democrats expressing fear that Carter will be a serious drag at the head of the ticket, and the growing draft Kennedy momentum indicate that his options are still open and somebody is making every effort to see that his interests are well attended.

The most specious argument of all is that Edward Kennedy would never challenge a Democratic president of his own party. Not in recent memory has a president of either party been as far out of step with the major constituency groups of the party whose label he bears as Carter is today—nor has there been any with such a small base of active party support. We no longer live in an era when incumbents are thought to be entitled to renomination. A challenge to Jimmy Carter would not be the same thing as a challenge to a Democratic president certain to win a second term.

Ken Bode

White House Watch

Carter and God

In *The Spiritual Journey of Jimmy Carter* (Macmillan; \$9.95), a thoughtful study of the President's Christian faith and a useful sampling of all he said on the subject during the last six months of his 1976 campaign and the first 18 months of his presidency, Wesley G. Pippert, one of United Press International's White House correspondents, writes that journalists would be closer than they are to knowing "who Jimmy Carter really is" if they paid adequate attention to Carter's public references to God, Jesus Christ, and his conviction that his belief in Christ as his personal savior guarantees him a happy and eternal life after death.

Wes Pippert writes with authority on this subject. He, too, is a believing and practicing Christian. When he was a UPI reporter in South Dakota in the 1960s, he was the lay pastor of two small United Methodist churches near Pierre (pronounced Peer), the state capital. He still holds credentials as a lay Methodist minister. He does much layman's work but seldom preaches at the big and prestigious Foundry Methodist Church in Washington. Last January 19, after Carter had addressed some conventional pieties to the annual National Prayer Breakfast, he called Pippert into the Oval Office and had the two of them photographed together, holding Pippert's book. Carter didn't offer to

autograph the book and Pippert forgot to ask him to. Carter sent Pippert a signed print of the photograph. As Pippert was leaving what he recalls as a "swift, graceful and gentle" occasion lasting maybe two and a half minutes, he showed Carter the dedication in the book: "To Mother, who prays for Jimmy Carter daily as she does for me." Carter, who evidently hadn't read the dedication, said, "That's really nice" and told Pippert to give his mother's name and address to Press Secretary Jody Powell, who was present. "No," Carter said on reflection, "better give it to Rex"—Deputy Press Secretary Rex Granum. Granum gave Pippert a photocopy of a longhand note dated January 22 that Carter wrote to Mrs. Pippert, aged 84, who since then has moved into Mason City, Iowa, from the nearby family farm where Wes was born and she was living in January. It is quoted in full because it, to me, perfectly portrays the difficulty that Jimmy Carter at his kindest and most considerate has in being kind, considerate and informal. It reads *in toto* and exactly:

To Magda Pippert

Wes gave me a copy of his book about my religious speeches. The dedication to you means a lot to me, and I want to thank you for your friendship and your prayers.

*Sincerely,
Jimmy Carter*

Having acknowledged Pippert's authority on the subject, I dissent from his proposition that Carter's dissertations about his faith and his many statements in his role as a born-again Baptist layman and Sunday school teacher tell me or anybody "who Jimmy Carter really is." His abundant wordage adds nothing to the fact that he's what he says he is, a believing and practicing and praying Protestant Christian. Here, before getting to a difficult question that I think relevant and that Carter has never answered, or maybe one should say has never been effectively asked, I must declare and explain a bias.

I grew up in a Baptist family in a part of Mississippi where Georgia, including Carter's south Georgia, was thought to be suspiciously close to the Yankee Nawth. My mother was born in Bainbridge, Georgia, south and east of Plains, but that didn't allay the local feeling. Her father voted against secession and quit the Confederate army after one of his arms was shot off at Shiloh, 22 miles from where she birthed and raised me. She was a Curry, a quite distinguished Presbyterian family. My father, a rough-hewn Baptist if there ever was one, persuaded or required her—I never knew which—to move from her Presbyterian church to his Baptist church. At age 12 I sat there in our First Baptist Church and watched her being immersed in the Baptist way, saw the distress on her lovely face, and never forgave my father for it. Carter's mother, a Methodist, moved from her church to her husband's church, the Plains Baptist Church. Carter in his autobiography and

elsewhere has noted this as a simple fact, without any indication of feeling one way or another. My father at the last count known to me had read through the King James version of the Bible, Old and New Testaments, every word, 56 times. My parents believed to the moments of their deaths in a literal brimstone hell and a literal golden heaven, my father in his Baptist way and my mother in her gentler Presbyterian way. My father believed, my mother hoped, that their belief in Christ assured them eternal life in their golden heaven. On the bed where she was long a-dying, my mother told me, sobbing, that every night she dreamed of approaching the gate of heaven and being turned away and sent toward hell. "Why, why?" she would ask. I had no answer. By then I could not force myself to lie to her that I had regained my lost boyhood belief in Christ and so was assured of the entry to heaven that she was sure of except in her last nightmares.

What the foregoing brings me to is simply that I think I understand and sympathize with but really don't admire the passions that drive these true-believing, evangelical Christians. As one who has read every published word that Jimmy Carter has ever spoken, in Wes Pippert's excerpts and in full texts, about his faith and about Protestant Christian faith and life in general, I find myself to be more puzzled than informed about the President and the essence of his faith.

Hear Carter in a few representative passages:

"To me, God is real. To me, the relationship with God is a very personal thing. God is ever present in my life—sustains me when I am weak, gives me guidance when I turn to him, and provides for me as a Christian through the life of Christ, a perfect example to emulate in my experiences with other human beings." (National Prayer Breakfast, February 1978.)

"I am a believer in Jesus Christ and a born-again Christian. . . . I spend a lot of my time in prayer. Every evening my wife and I have religious services together; one of the last things we do each day. We never miss under any circumstances. Since I was going to be gone tonight, we had our worship service before I left the White House at about 3 o'clock." (Elk City, Oklahoma town meeting, March 24, 1979.)

"We're not saved because we are Americans; we're not saved because we come from a community that's stable; we're not saved because our parents were Christians; we're saved because God loves us; we're saved by grace through one required attitude—that's faith in Christ. We're saved by grace through faith in Christ. So is everybody else. So is everybody else." (Men's Bible class, Plains Baptist Church, June 20, 1976.)

"Too often the Christian church has formed a kind of mutual admiration society. . . . Quite often if you go into a Baptist church, certainly in the South, you find a social and economic elite. We're the ones who are kind of the prominent people in town. And we have a

tendency, all of us—certainly I have myself—to think because I have been accepted by God, because I have eternal life, because I have the peace of the presence of the Holy Spirit, because I have eternal salvation through Christ, I have a tendency to think I'm better than other people, that surely God must have recognized my worth and my goodness and therefore wanted me because I'm better than others. But we're saved through what? By grace. Grace means a gift, a gift of God. Through what? Through faith. In whom? Christ. We're saved free by grace through faith in Christ." (Plains Baptist Church Sunday school, July 18, 1976.)

My question, a question that Press Secretary Jody Powell ignored when I tried to put it to Carter through Powell in September 1976 and that I have never had the gall to ask President Carter at a public press conference, is—*saved from what?* My father's and millions of other evangelical Christians' literal, brimstone hell? Two of Carter's Georgia pastors, Bruce Edwards and Fred Collins, told me in 1976 and 1977 that they gathered, and assumed that most of their church members gathered, from Carter's descriptions of his faith that he believed with them in a literal hell and a literal heaven to which only believers in Christ as their personal savior would be admitted. The Reverend Robert Maddox, a Calhoun, Georgia, Baptist minister recently joined the White House speech staff, mainly at the instance of Rosalynn Carter and her son and daughter-in-law in Calhoun, Jack and Judy Carter. Maddox said the other day that he's "a Southern Baptist, tried and true" and that he believes with Carter that eternal life after death on earth awaits us all. Where—in a literal hell or in a literal heaven open only to believers in Christ? I suspect that Jimmy Carter nowadays would fall back on something like the answer Bob Maddox gave. "That," he said, "is in the hands of God." A God, he continued, who may and must be trusted to be "fair to everybody." Including, the President surely would say, Anwar Sadat the Moslem and Menahem Begin the Jew.

John Osborne

A show of force in Poland.

The Pope's Divisions

As these lines are written, Karol Wojtyla, now Pope John Paul II, former Archbishop of Krakow, spiritual leader of the world's 700 million Catholics and *Pole par excellence*, is continuing his triumphant march through

his "beloved motherland." By the time his special Alitalia jet departs from the Warsaw airport, he will have delivered a total of 33 speeches, celebrated numerous masses, kissed hundreds of children and endeared himself anew to his grateful and ecstatic compatriots. As the last "*Niech żyje!*" ("long live") echoes in the distance, the Polish authorities will heave a sigh of relief. But the relief probably will be short-lived indeed.

The Polish regime could not stop the Pope from undertaking this "pilgrimage" any more than it could have hindered his accession to the Apostolic throne. Unable to resort to standard "administration measures," it has fallen back on three favorite methods of dealing with adverse or embarrassing realities: horse-trading, censorship and semantic myth-making. The results have been ludicrous. The Pope wanted his trip to coincide with the May commemoration of the 900th anniversary of St. Stanislaw, the patron saint of Poland and "spokesman"—in Wojtyla's own words—"for the most most essential human rights of the nation." Gierek and company demurred, and a compromise was finally struck: the Pope would come in June. Wojtyla and the Polish Episcopate wanted to include the Silesian town of Katowice—Gierek's former power base and center of the coal mining district, especially dear to the heart of the Pope, himself once a manual worker. But this was seen by the leaders of the "Polish United Workers Party" (the official name of the Communist party) as a direct challenge to the party's professed claim to be the only legitimate representative of the Polish proletariat, and the request was denied. Instead, Wojtyla greeted a group of miners at the shrine of Jasna Góra monastery, and the following day in Krakow, he explicitly took up one of the major grievances of Polish miners, criticizing the government for forcing them to work on Sundays.

In November of last year, the Polish authorities were loath to grant permission for the Pope's inauguration to be covered by Polish TV. After a comically prolonged period of hesitation, the Polish Episcopate announced on its own that there would be a live broadcast of the inauguration—and permission was granted. In December, the Pope's Christmas message was censored by the official media. Instead, the Poles heard it from parish pulpits and on Western radio. The Pope's first encyclical letter, *Redemptor Hominis* ("Redeemer of Man"), which was issued March 15, was never published in the official Polish press. Moreover, the party's newspapers made it appear as if the pontiff's critical remarks about the current socioeconomic structures of the world pertained only to the West, whereas the encyclical was firm in condemning *all* political systems that suppress human and civil rights, including those where believers are forced into the status of "second-rate citizens." But the word got around.

The curious communist belief in the magic of words

has rarely been more fatuously evident than during the current visit of the Pope. Wojtyla was welcomed as the "Head of the Vatican State," and there were fleeting references to the "Polish believers" who would be pleased with his visit. In a country where even the head of the government's Office of Religious Denominations admits that "three-quarters of the citizens are believers and have ties with the Church," and a good part of the "fourth quarter" would probably "not swear" to "being atheists" (*Tribune de Geneve*, March 21, 1978), such semantic hocus-pocus can only evoke a hearty guffaw. The pontiff, the Polish News Agency announced, "had religious-cultural meetings" in various towns. He spoke on these occasions "in favor of peace, peaceful coexistence" and the necessity to "liquidate the hotbeds of war and tension" throughout the world. To make it clear where the state stood on these matters, the government and party leaders, in their welcoming speeches, referred dutifully to SALT, detente, the "Polish socialist path of development," and the Polish people's unshakable determination "to promote and consolidate the Marxist-Leninist ideology."

But the Pope proved to be a subtle and astute adversary. His visit, he stressed upon arrival, "is dictated by a strictly religious motive." Yet the religious mission of the Church, as the events in Poland over the past two decades have demonstrated, and as Wojtyla made sure to remind his hosts, includes the duty "to serve the people in the temporal dimension of their life and existence." These efforts, which include "to respect the rights of nations and human rights . . . cannot cease."

The Pope is a man who has wholeheartedly identified himself with the *aggiornamento* of Vatican II. He has deepened the new Polish church's commitment to human rights and social justice (a Church which already 14 years ago castigated the government for its lack of "solicitude for the real interest of the worker and peasant," which two years ago spoke of the government's policies as a "striking example of man's exploitation by man"). He is a Catholic dignitary whose favorite quotation, from the church's early Fathers (according to J. M. Cameron in the *New York Review of Books*) is the motto: "The glory of God is man alive." This man can stand his ground, turn the tables on his hosts, defend peace in his own words ("Reconciliation and peace in the present-day world") and advance the demands of the Church in unmistakable terms. With consummate skill, he first voiced his demands *sotto voce*. As his pilgrimage continued, the words sounded louder and clearer. By the fourth day he explicitly called upon the government to recognize "the cause of fundamental human rights," noting also, without any apology, that his "concept of the world" is "diametrically opposed" to that of the ruling elite.

What will be the outcome of Wojtyla's visit to

Poland? The basic demands of the Church—lifting of censorship and more newsprint for the Catholic press, periodic television and radio broadcasts of religious services, the right to form independent Catholic associations, an end to obstructive tactics that make it impossible for children of believers to receive religious instruction, and full recognition by the state of the Church's legal status as a public institution—remain unmet, the various official attempts to start a "dialogue" with the Church notwithstanding. It is not at all certain that even with all the direct and indirect pressure resulting from the Pope's visit, the government will acquiesce. Even if voices are raised within the establishment for a more meaningful accommodation with the Church, they are likely to be drowned out by the voices of the hardliners, who may warn that any fundamental concessions will be seen as a sign of weakness and will further erode the authority of the ruling elite.

Yet it is difficult to believe that the trip will not have an effect on what Wojtyla openly terms the Church's "social teachings." The government needs the cooperation of the Church no less than the Church needs a more sympathetic understanding on the part of the government. The Polish authorities are concerned about thievery, graft, corruption, drunkenness and the weakening of family ties (due mainly to economic factors that force even new mothers into the job market). If indeed Gierek wants the Church to collaborate with the regime—as he put it—in "strengthening the family," and fostering greater "social discipline and civic responsibility" (which is to say, greater productivity), he must offer some kind of *quid pro quo*.

Above all, the Pope's visit may affect those forces in Polish society that have struggled so adamantly and openly for civil rights and social justice. They include the liberal Catholic laity, whose role in the Polish opposition movement Wojtyla has always supported. They include the various human rights groups, which recently have been subjected again to a barrage of harassment and reprisals. They include the Polish peasants, who have organized numerous "self-defense committees" and whose links with the Church are especially strong. One may hope, too, that the Pope—whose credentials in this area are admirable—will have an impact on the still-lingering and virulent anti-semitic prejudices within some segments of the population. At the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, he paid tribute to "the people who were with and among us, like those who died in the thousands within the walls of the Warsaw Ghetto." His trip to Auschwitz, where more than two million Jews were gassed, may be an occasion for yet another reference to this harrowing and still painful subject. The two hundred thousand Ukrainian Uniates—still victims of governmental discrimination, according to some progressive lay Catholic intellectuals—may also take heart from the

Pope's pronouncements. The overwhelmingly Catholic population of Soviet-ruled Lithuania will no doubt do so as well. For Karol Wojtyla may not have any divisions at his disposal, but the awesome moral authority that he commands can be ignored by the Polish authorities only at their peril.

Abraham Brumberg

Abraham Brumberg, former editor of Problems of Communism, has visited Poland many times. He is now a guest scholar at the Kennan Institute for Advanced Russian Studies, Washington, D.C.

The most expensive bargaining chip yet.

Trench Warfare

The best one can hope about President Carter's apparent decision to go ahead with the MX missile (the decision is pending as this is being written) is that it is part of a crafty political and diplomatic maneuver: that Carter secretly hopes the missile will never be built, but has endorsed it to win Senate ratification of SALT II and to induce the Soviet Union to quickly begin SALT III discussions about dismantling many of their heavy missiles. If this is all a trick, and it works, then Carter will win the SALT fight, get reelected and use MX as a bargaining chip to secure deep cuts in the Soviet missile arsenal. But Carter's move is fraught with danger. By political necessity, bureaucratic momentum or Soviet obstinacy, the MX might actually be built. What's even worse, the United States might stop basing its strategy on deterring a nuclear war and begin trying to find ways to fight and win one. Even in this supposedly dovish administration, there has been a doctrinal drift from deterrence to counterforce. What John Connally or Ronald Reagan might do with MX (or scare the Russians into doing), one can only shudder to think.

Proponents of the new missile system, including President Carter, defend it as a way of neutralizing a Soviet threat to the US land-based missile force. That force is theoretically vulnerable, but MX deployment does more than make it invulnerable. Besides being mobile and possibly hard to target, the 200 or 250 MX missiles being planned by the United States will carry 10 warheads each—enough to give the US a first-strike capability against Soviet land-based missiles in the late 1980s or early 1990s. If the US is worried that its ICBMs are subject to attack—and they represent just 30 percent of all US strategic forces—the Soviets are

likely to feel even less secure, since the US would be able to destroy 70 percent of the total Soviet arsenal. It is a nasty situation on both sides—for us now, for them later—which reasonable people should be able to negotiate their way out of. But there are many pressures on both sides to be unreasonable.

On the US side, Vietnam and a relative decline in US power have produced an intellectual and political insecurity that favors getting good again through weapons-building. This attitude puts the fruits and even the concept of arms control in jeopardy. We are turning hawkish because we're scared. All during the nuclear age, two schools of planners have contended bitterly over US strategy—those who believe nuclear wars can be fought and won, and those who think wars have to be avoided, lest they get out of hand and destroy civilization. War fighters tend to favor highly accurate weapons that can destroy Soviet weapons. The deterrence school usually favors weapons that can ride out a Soviet attack and deliver a devastating counter-blow against Soviet cities.

In the history of US nuclear planning, former defense secretary Robert McNamara is a pivotal figure. At the outset of his tenure, he hugely increased the US nuclear arsenal and in a famous speech at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in June 1962, announced that the United States was reserving the option of fighting a "controlled" nuclear war primarily against Soviet military targets. The strategy was represented as more humane than city-busting, but the Soviet Union, vastly inferior to the US, considered it as a US threat to wage preemptive war. Some analysts think Khrushchev's attempt to base offensive missiles in Cuba was a response to that threat.

After the Cuban missile crisis, McNamara stood down from counterforce strategy and became, in fact, a leading exponent of "mutual assured destruction"—the theory that both the US and Soviet Union should be deterred from attacking the other by knowing that their cities and industry would be demolished in return. Deterrence theory remained dominant in US strategic planning through the Johnson and Nixon administrations. During that time, the US did not increase the number of land-based missiles in its arsenal, concentrating instead on new submarine-based missiles designed primarily as second-strike weapons to bolster assured destruction. The US did deploy multiple warheads (MIRVs) on both land-based and sea-based weapons, and constantly improved accuracy, but the numbers of US weapons never were sufficient to threaten a debilitating first strike against Soviet missiles. The US felt secure enough to negotiate arms control agreements with the Soviet Union. In 1972, it's astounding to recall, SALT I passed the Senate by a vote of 88-2.

All during this era, hawks of the war-fighting persuasion were warning that the Soviet Union was destined to catch up and surpass the United States

unless we built new weapons to maintain our superiority. They pointed to the fact that the Soviet Union had consistently deployed huge, heavy missiles, far larger than those of the United States, and charged that the Soviets intended one day to fill them with enough accurate warheads to destroy the US land-based force in a first strike. Assured destructionists countered that the Soviets were merely trying to catch up with the US after their humiliation of 1962 and would be satisfied when they reached parity, "overkill" being essentially an unusable expense. They said heavy missiles were the product of Soviet inability to match US technology in miniaturization and accuracy. And, the assured destructionists argued, even if improvements in MIRVing and accuracy accidentally gave the Soviets a theoretical first-strike capability, it didn't matter, because US submarines and airplanes were still available to guarantee a stable second-strike capability and, therefore, deterrence.

The domination of assured destructionists over US policy began to crack when James Schlesinger became secretary of defense in 1973. Schlesinger favored increased "flexibility" in the nature and use of nuclear weapons, adoption of a "limited nuclear war" strategy designed to direct attacks away from cities and toward military targets, and increased spending on civil defense. Schlesinger's successor as President Ford's defense secretary, Donald Rumsfeld, came out fully for a US counterforce capability against Soviet land-based missiles. He said the Soviets were bent on the same capacity against us. "Soviet programs," Rumsfeld said, "do not reflect an interest in deterrence by massive retaliation; their strategic nuclear posture is developing a war-fighting capability."

Politically, detente and deterrence theory seemed to go hand in hand. Henry Kissinger, when he was secretary of state, was a prime proponent of the former and, against attacks from Republican superhawks, asserted that nuclear superiority was useless to either superpower. In the Ford administration, Kissinger fought with Schlesinger and Rumsfeld over weapons and strategy. At the Republican convention in 1972, backers of Ronald Reagan all but won a vote discrediting Kissinger's policies. In the Democratic party, meanwhile, those who oppose SALT and detente, led by Senator Henry Jackson, also tend to favor weapons giving the United States a counterforce capability against the Soviet Union.

The Carter administration came to office with assured destructionists in top jobs at State, Defense and the White House. Though Schlesinger became secretary of energy, heading the department which oversees the manufacture of nuclear weapons, Democratic hawks felt frozen out of the administration. They charged, in fact, that the second echelon of the administration was populated by doves so soft they would give way on virtually every point to the Soviets.

But hawkish arguments have had strong effects on

the administration. The best example is a gradual shift in the views of Defense Secretary Harold Brown. In September 1977, Brown declared that the Soviets had a large, effective and costly strategic buildup under way, though "exactly why the Soviets are pushing so hard to improve their strategic nuclear capabilities is uncertain." This May 30, Brown declared in Annapolis: "The Soviets have targeted our ICBM force for some time, although to only a limited degree of effectiveness. . . . As early as 1962-63, the Soviets had a policy of building forces for preemptive attack on US ICBMs."

In September 1977, Brown claimed that "strategic deterrence is in effect" between the US and the Soviets. "Some might even call it a stalemate," he said. He also said, "I should add that the United States has no desire for or plan to develop a first-strike, disarming capability against the Soviet Union. Accordingly, we shall not seek such a capability provided that the Soviets show similar restraint toward the United States." Brown seems to have decided there has been inadequate restraint on the part of the Soviet Union, for he has become one of the administration's leading proponents of MX, a weapon that *will* give the US a first-strike disarming capability.

What seems to affect Brown most is the worry that, regardless of the reality of the US-Soviet nuclear power balance, there may be a confusion of perceptions about it, leading to miscalculation. Now he seems to think deterrence ought to be in effect, but may not be. He is just a step or two short of the conviction held by anti-SALT hawks that, in a crisis, the United States might be self-deterred by a president's perception of superior Soviet power. The hawks also argue that US allies and adversaries share this perception of American weakness, and they think President Carter's often uncertain conduct of foreign policy deepens the trouble.

Among hawks, there is no question that the MX ought to be built, both for reasons of perception and because they favor development of a counterforce capability against the Soviets. In a crisis, they want to have the ability to threaten a first strike against the Soviet Union, so the US can get its way, as in 1962. They also tend to favor an immediate start on a so-called "multiple aim point" basing system for the existing Minuteman missile force—a shell game in which missiles can be shifted from one silo to another, so the Soviets cannot know where to aim. The hawks want to put MXs in the silos when they are ready.

Such a move by the Carter administration would have represented a double-whammy against arms control. The US not only would be building a first-strike weapon, but would be basing it in such a way that the Soviets could not verify how many missiles the US had deployed. Their satellites can tell how many missile silos we have, but if we have thousands of extra silos, they could not be sure how many we had filled with missiles. Worse, if and when they resorted to the same

scheme, we would not know how many they had.

The administration sought ways to undo the vulnerability of land-based missiles, but decided for both political and military reasons that it could not eliminate land-based missiles entirely and rely on sea-based missiles, bombers and cruise missiles. Politically, it seems weak to key senators for the US to be forced by the Soviets to give up any strategic system, even if it is superfluous. Militarily, defense planners are worried about problems in communicating with submarines at sea and about the remote possibility of a Soviet breakthrough in anti-submarine warfare.

So Carter has decided (apparently) to put MXs in horizontal trenches—where the Soviets can see them by satellite. They could move from one firing point to another, so the Soviets would not be able to aim at them. If the Soviets were to launch a strike, the missiles could be moved from one point to another before the Soviet warheads arrived.

The trench system seems a worthy, if expensive, effort to salvage arms control, but there are problems that have to be resolved. The total cost of the system will be \$70 billion over 10 years, which will be money the US might otherwise spend on conventional arms, a category in which the US and its allies are demonstrably inferior to the Soviet Union and its allies. It is not entirely certain, either, that a Soviet missile landing somewhere along the 20-mile trench might not render many missiles inoperable even if they aren't completely destroyed. It's not clear that residents of the southwest US will welcome miles of trenches and missiles in their neighborhoods, even on government land.

The most worrisome question, though, concerns what the Soviets will do about the MX. Some planners hope that they will be forced to follow the US into adopting a mobile missile system, at even greater cost than US trenches. However, there is no guarantee that the Soviets will opt for a trench or another system that the US can verify by satellite. If they do not, it could spell difficulties for arms control. At the best, the president may hope that the Soviets will enter negotiation to make their mobile system verifiable, or both our mobile systems unnecessary. If they would cut back their missile arsenal severely, so that our land-based missiles are not threatened, we could forego MX. But the Soviet military may resist dismantling its huge, prestigious missile force, and the leadership succeeding Brezhnev may be too weak, or unwilling, to order it.

Probably the worst that could happen would be for negotiations to fail, for the US to adopt a counterforce strategy against Soviet missiles, and for the Soviets to fear they had to exploit their missile advantage before the US gained superiority. Carter may be trying to create a bargaining chip—and it's the right thing to do—but he could also be stumbling into another missile crisis in the future.

Morton Kondracke

Why certify the arms race?

Left Against SALT

The New Republic supports the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty. (See our editorial May 5.) This is the first of two articles taking the opposite view.

Some months hence, when the SALT treaty is shot down in the Senate, the wire services will report that the deed was done by an "odd" combination of hawks and doves. Actually, there will be nothing odd about it, for this is a treaty that can't be supported by any American with a clear set of foreign policy or defense goals. It is a treaty for the muzzy-minded, for those who can be persuaded by vacuous public relations arguments, i.e., the pact must be ratified to continue "the SALT process," or so that we may have a SALT III some time in the late years of the next decade, a treaty that really will contain a significant measure of arms control. Speak not of disarmament, an idea that may come in the 21st century when earth, threatened by an invasion of the Yechniks from the planet U-235, unites under peace activist Buck Rogers.

Merely to repeat some of the pro-SALT reasoning is to refute it. The funniest is *The New Republic's* attempt to frighten liberals into backing the measure because failure to ratify it would bring on a new ice age of McCarthyism. The line of logic leading to this unlikely conclusion is too tortured to bear repetition.

For those vulnerable to President Carter's flamboozle that rejection of the treaty will brand us war mongers, let them remember that with the treaty they get to build and pay for yet another new missile system, the MX. The discussion of how to hide this new missile under the terms of the treaty borders on the grotesque. *The New Republic* suggests that "placing missiles on barges on the Great Lakes, coastal waters and inland waterways probably is the cheapest method, but what's important is for the administration to decide on one mobility arrangement and get on to building it." We have yet to hear from the ducks and the fishes who will have to share their marshes and reedy places with these enormous nuclear-tipped spears.

Or we can ignore the *New Republic* strategists and take the Air Force's advice, which is to hide the 200 new MXs, as in the old shell game, in 4000 holes drilled throughout the great West. This might have something to be said in its favor if the 3800 vacant holes were working oil wells.

My own favorite is the "railroad option." The *Washington Post* describes it thus: "The idea is to lay track at the bottom of open ditches on government property. Locomotives would haul cars carrying MX missiles in a horizontal position back and forth between roofed-over stations along the track. At chosen intervals, the United States could reassure the Soviets by sliding back the roof of the station to show that only a limited

number held missiles, thus living up to the missile limits established in the SALT II draft."

Placing the security of the United States in the hands of a government-run railroad, à la Amtrak or Conrail, is tantamount to unconditional surrender. We'd have delayed and derailed MX missiles littering the countryside. Perhaps we might salvage something from this grandiloquent waste by building several thousand empty missiles holding passenger seats for commuters. Or Washington, DC's own Union Station—on which Congress spent millions to convert to an unused, unwanted and unneeded National Visitor Center—might be redeemed as a missile base. Since this grand marble edifice is only a few hundred yards from Congress we would be turning the Capitol into a military target, a state of affairs that might put some restraint on the more bellicose members of the national legislature.

That is what we get with this disarmament treaty, along with yet more billions for what are called "conventional" weapons (although, considering the thousands of nuclear warheads in the possession of the two superpowers, it is hard to see what's unconventional about them). Hence the treaty, to quote James Reston, "has never been regarded by either government as a peace treaty, but simply as a device for cutting the costs and risks of offensive nuclear weapons."

Many, many years ago when the United States first got into the atomic missile business in a big way, one of the arguments advanced for it was that the cost of keeping pace would so impoverish Russia's consumer-starved society that the government would be weakened or even fatally destabilized. A generation and a half later, we find the burden so heavy that we wish to enter a friend's agreement with our archenemies to stretch out the installment payments on ending the civilized world. Again, the word grotesque springs to mind. For those insisting on a large measure of true disarmament it makes better political sense to let the financial burdens grow and grow until both nations see that the minor palliatives, which might have worked in the late 1950s, are worthless in the 1980s. Our best hope of disarmament may be the crucifying costs of armament.

Nor should the objections of the hawks be shoved aside as the pathological emissions of unbalanced jingoists. Some of them say that there is no way we can be sure the Russians are living up to their end of the bargain; ergo the debate over how sharp-eyed our satellites really are. The Carter administration says the satellites are all-seeing, omniscient orbs, but Three Mile Island and the recent unscheduled landing of an American Airlines DC-10 outside of O'Hare airport should remind us there is no such thing as a foolproof machine. Therefore, some element of trust is necessary for SALT II to work even within its own widely lethal perimeters. Yet *The New Republic* tells us, "We judge that Soviet leaders, having advanced to their posts by

stealth, guile and ruthlessness, are not to be trusted by people and nations who revere law and common decency."

So some risk attaches to SALT II. How much is debatable, but it is at least not beyond plausibility that these stealthy, guileful, ruthless men will take advantage of the weak modicum of restraint in the treaty to make themselves so superior to America that when the day comes to play nuclear chicken we'll have to back down and concede they are the master machos. That might be a gamble worth taking if winning meant a substantial step away from blowing up the world. It is an inane gamble, however, when the prize is 200 multibillion-buck MXs racketing along on the rotten roadbeds of some rickety railroad.

The ratification of SALT II may lead the impressionable to believe we're on the way to a safe haven from nuclear war. It is important that no one make this mistake because we can only make safe port if millions of us are aroused, aware of the danger and demanding that our government conclude a true disarmament treaty. The only disarmament treaty in the history of our country, the Naval Treaty of 1922, came as a result of enormous national agitation to pull the plugs on the battleships, the ICBMs of their time. The treaty banning above-ground nuclear testing negotiated by President Kennedy was also the result of countless marches and manifestations.

The rejection of SALT II will serve to underscore what will also be true if the treaty is passed, namely that either way we are naked to a danger that grows greater and more certain with each new escalation in the machinery of death. Let the treaty's defeat be the ignition of a newly animated popular movement to force the administration back to the negotiating table, to get us the kind of disarmament we must have.

Nicholas von Hoffman

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A symbolic man for a symbolic job.

The Tumb President

In the capsule autobiography of Karl Carstens published in *Wer Ist Wer*, the Who's Who of West Germany, it says that the fifth federal president of the Federal Republic of Germany enjoys "riding, sailing and music" as hobbies. It carefully notes the way stations of his legal career, his service in the Wehrmacht and his post-war political appointments. It is the same sort of banal

data submitted by scores of other German politicians in their 60s to the compilers of biographical sketches. And, like many others, it excludes the fact that Carstens, typical of his generation, joined the Nazi party.

He is not the first post-war German politician to have been a member of the *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei*, nor the first to reach high office. East Germany, which boasts being "the first German workers and peasants state" has had them, too, even in the Communist party Politburo, until the embarrassing presence was exposed.

Only one of the five federal presidents so far, Gustav Heinemann, was untainted by association with the rule of Adolf Hitler, so Carstens is not unusual in that respect, either. The first, Theodor Heuss, an otherwise lovable old liberal, had voted in the Reichstag for the emergency legislation that gave the Nazis free rein in 1933. Heinrich Lübke, an agronomist, had worked for enterprises that served the Nazis, including construction of concentration camps. Carstens's immediate predecessor, Walter Scheel, a wartime patrol pilot, was taken into the party in 1942 as a young officer, although he clearly had no time or desire to be politically active then. So why get worked up about Carstens? many older Germans ask. They point out—as does a recent issue of the *Week in Germany*, a newsletter distributed in this country by the West German government—that the office of the federal president is "mainly ceremonial."

Yet there is something disgusting about Carstens's elevation to the presidency, 34 years after the end of World War II and coinciding with the 30th anniversary of the Federal Republic—disgusting, and heart-breaking, too.

For Carstens represents the classic *Mitläufer*, the opportunist who joined the NSDAP to advance a career, in his case the law. He applied for membership in 1937 on the instructions of a superior. Carstens now calls it "pressure," but clearly there were advantages to Nazi party membership for the aspiring lawyer, one year after passage of the infamous Nuremberg Laws which made pariahs of Germany's Jews and marked the course the law would take under the Nazis. Carstens was accepted in the party in early 1940, shortly after he was drafted. His records also show that as a student, like almost all other students, he had enrolled in one of the university sections of the *Sturmabteilung*, the Storm Troops, again the path of expedience for retaining his permission to study. But are we to believe Carstens's assertion that he rejected Nazism "inwardly" when outwardly it is recorded that he collected membership dues on his block in his native Bremen?

Asked recently about his activities in the war, during which he served as a judge advocate in courts-martial, Carter replied only: "I can't make any precise observations about that today." We may assume, I suppose, that no blood flecked the blouse of his uniform, directly

or indirectly, since he claims to have avoided any cases ending in death sentences. His party membership ended with the collapse of the Third Reich in 1945, when it could no longer promote him.

Compared to the wolfish hangmen of the SS and the Gestapo torturers, someone like Carstens was an innocent lamb. He was swiftly purified by the Western allies' denazification courts and presented with what was sardonically called a *Persilschein*, which would translate roughly as an "Ivory Soap certificate." A second washing of the lamb occurred in 1948 when an American judge in Bremen got Carstens a scholarship to Yale. The cold war had begun and God and Yale needed the West Germans on their side. Carstens was off to a career that would make him the Free Hanseatic City of Bremen's representative in Bonn, a state secretary in Adenauer's Foreign Ministry, chief of the chancellery under Kurt Georg Kiesinger and opposition speaker in the Bundestag. He was cautious, though, about joining a party again, despite his arch-conservative views. He enlisted in the Christian Democratic Union only in 1955, after it had been in power for nearly six years.

Carstens is not dumb. But there is a mental condition that appears in Germans from time to time which approaches dumbness and in its own way is more frightening: call it numbness. The Germans even have a word for it from the golden medieval board of their language. They speak of *der tumbe Deutsche*, "tumb" being an expression now connoting someone who is dull or insensitive. It is a quality that seems to have imbued the presidential candidacy of Karl Carstens, who is otherwise a clever man, a professor, after all.

We know now that the entire murderous machinery of the Nazis rested on a foundation of fellow travelers and opportunists, especially often from the conservative camp—and Carstens loves to identify himself as a conservative—which proved surprisingly strong and durable. They were the people who didn't necessarily say *Ja* or *Nein* but, in the German vernacular, said *Jein*, and that is enough for totalitarians. Nor is it much use to compare the German conservatives with the conservatives of Britain or Sweden or Canada, because in Germany many conservatives participated in the creation of Hitler and most of those who didn't participate were coopted later, like the Carstens family. Again, the numbness: when confronted last autumn with his NSDAP associations, Carstens replied that it was all the more reason to be a presidential candidate because: "The majority of the population thinks the way I do."

But the decision to make Carstens the federal president wasn't put to the population, a majority of which is too young to remember the Nazis or even the early post-war period. Instead it was put to the 1036 members of the Federal Assembly, a kind of electoral college composed of federal and state deputies in which

the Christian Union parties hold a majority—in contrast to the Bonn government itself, which is controlled by a coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats). So he was elected by *Mitläufer* and opportunists of the conservative camp who were blasted out of power in 1969 and are still terrified and trembling at the prospect of further years in opposition. All 528 of the conservatives voted for Carstens. Annemarie Renger, the former speaker of the Bundestag, with a clear record as an anti-Nazi Social Democrat, got 431 votes.

This is what is so heartbreaking for a post-war generation that grew up learning to ask questions, to speak their minds, to start new parties, to make their democratic parliamentary system work with changing party combinations, a no confidence vote, an interim election and many other tests of the young constitution. But Carstens is numb to these changes in the German body politic, or hostile to the degree that he recognizes them. He describes as a challenge the "senseless, destructive criticism that is practiced against our state and our society, regardless whether it appears in literary, philosophical or even theological cloaks."

Carstens is engaged in the study of his ancestors, tracing some of them back to a cattle farm in the Lüneburg heath circa 1667 and others, on his mother's side, to the time of *Karl de Grosse*, Charlemagne. That, too, was a practice, a necessity, in the Nazi period, to establish that one had properly Aryan ancestors in order to qualify for entry into the party. A recent visitor to the Carstens home reports that the walls are filled with portraits of presentable forefathers. No picture of Hitler, nor of the Gauleiter of Bremen who ordered the city to defend itself to the last bullet when the British were at the gates in 1945 and threatened to bomb the city to smithereens if it did not surrender, which it did. The pictures are all of the good German burghers, the Carstens, who always supported the ruling class and never, never saw a reason to apologize or to express contrition. Numb to the implications and consequences of their *Mitläufertum*, their fellow traveling, for centuries now.

Perhaps, and this would almost be a mitigating circumstance, Carstens sees the presidency as his last *Persilschein*, completing the rehabilitation of him and his fellow travelers.

But must the majority of this nation of nearly 80 million Germans, East and West, pay this price to satisfy the subconscious ego needs of this wretched man and his contemporary opportunists? The man has no shame. He is numb. *Tumb.*

David Binder

David Binder, a Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, was the *Times's* Bonn bureau chief from 1966 to 1973.

The Caribbean is the new foreign policy hot spot.

Islands in a Storm

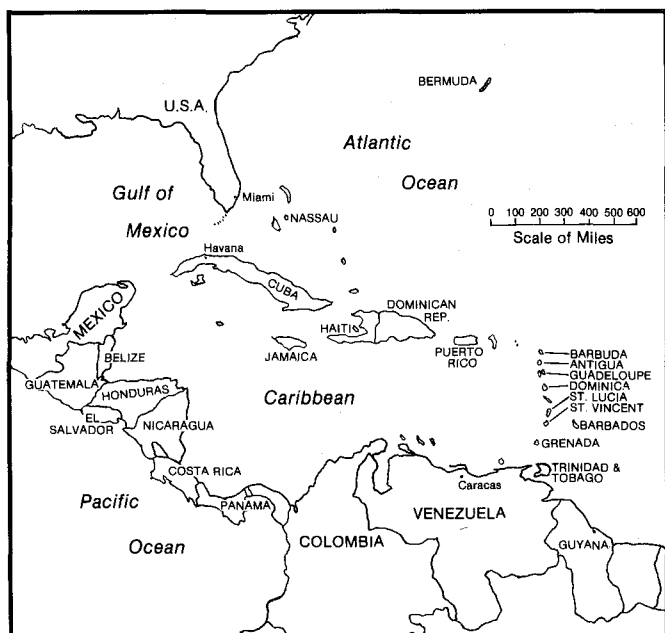
The Caribbean and Central America are the latest entries in the Carter administration's list of worldwide crises and worries—coming on top of Iran, Saudi Arabia, Middle Eastern peace negotiations, Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, and SALT ratification—but there is very little to be done about the problems in our own hemisphere, except to hope for the best. Hoping for the best seems to be the administration's policy these days as turmoil mounts in the Caribbean and the length of the Central American isthmus from Panama to Mexico. The common pattern in the Caribbean and Central America is escalating revolutionary pressures, arising for various reasons in different places.

Preparing itself for the worst, the administration quietly formed late in May an Inter-Agency Caribbean Task Force. Philip Habib, former under secretary of state for political affairs and a heavy gun in the arsenal of American foreign policy, was brought out of retirement to head this task force. This indicates how seriously the White House views developments in the area.

What triggered the present concern about the Caribbean was a coup d'état early in the spring in the tiny island republic of Grenada (population: 106,000), with 30 percent of the labor force unemployed. Grenada lies directly north of the Venezuelan coast and is close to Barbados, where the US has a strategic interest. The coup ousted Prime Minister Sir Eric Matthew Gairy, by all accounts a most uninspiring leader, and handed power to Maurice Bishop, a radical-minded lawyer who runs the New Jewel Movement party. Bishop promptly established a revolutionary regime, turned for support to Cuba and began receiving arms and military advisers from Havana for his miniscule security force.

These events sent shivers through the White House. The Cubans had no hand in the Bishop coup and simply saw Grenada as a target of opportunity, but the very notion that the Cuban influence was growing in the Caribbean was shocking to the administration. The American ambassador in Barbados (who was in the process of being reassigned) was instructed to fly to Grenada, where the US does not maintain a diplomatic presence, to tell Bishop that Washington took a dim view of his acceptance of Cuban aid. Predictably, Bishop publicly denounced the US for intervening in Grenadian internal affairs. Thus the tone was set for bad relations with the little revolutionary state.

At the same time, fears—grounded or not—grew in the Carter administration that the republic of Dominica (population: 78,000), north of Grenada, and perhaps St. Vincent (population: 112,000), and St. Lucia (120,000) may follow Grenada's example. All these



map by Kenneth Grady

islands are plagued with poverty and unemployment and could be ripe for racial uprisings. A chain of pro-Cuban islands might emerge this way in the eastern Caribbean, the administration reasoned. Cuban influence is already considerable in Jamaica and Guyana, two major states in the area, adding to the administration's unsettled feeling.

Washington also is nervous about what it suspects is a marked Soviet military buildup in Cuba. Recently, the Cuban navy received a second diesel-powered attack submarine from the Russians. (The sub is not fitted for nuclear missiles.) The purpose of the sub is unclear except to increase Havana's overall conventional armed posture in the Caribbean and beyond. Last year, the Cubans were given advanced MiG-23 jet fighter-bombers. US intelligence doesn't think the MiG-23s have nuclear capabilities, but their presence adds to the general discomfort. There is similar unease about the new Soviet practice of training regular army units, up to battalion strength, in Cuba's Oriente province.

For a combination of international policy reasons, however, the administration has chosen so far not to make a public issue of these new Soviet/Cuban military activities. Up to now they didn't seem to warrant an open confrontation as President Carter prepared for the summit conference with President Brezhnev, and for the subsequent SALT ratification battle in the Senate.

The administration is not saying what the new Caribbean task force may do, other than to monitor further Caribbean developments. The National Security Council gave passing consideration to the possibility of establishing a naval quarantine around Grenada to prevent continued deliveries of Cuban arms, but this idea was quickly dropped.

The US is prepared to provide some arms to friendly Caribbean countries, such as Barbados, under the Foreign Military Sales program, particularly if these

nations move ahead with plans to form a joint defense force designed principally for naval patrols. The Central Intelligence Agency reportedly is bolstering its covert information-gathering capabilities in the Caribbean. Otherwise, there isn't much the administration can do—aside from worrying and hoping that revolutionary pressures in the area remain confined to Grenada. Former prime minister Gairy's reported plans to mount an invasion of his island with American mercenaries leading his own loyalists are said to be discouraged by Washington. (Gairy now operates from San Diego.)

In Central America, the two acute problems are Nicaragua and El Salvador, both in the throes of rebellion against entrenched dictatorships. With the failure last December of a US-directed mediation effort between President Somoza and the opposition, and with the launching of the new offensive late in May by *Sandinista* guerrillas, the outcome in Nicaragua is uncertain—and perilous. The mediatory effort has antagonized the opposition, and a possible collapse of the Somoza regime may lead to the emergence of a government inimical to the US.

The Carter administration's ambiguous attitude toward the Nicaraguan civil war—it fears the radicalism of the *Sandinistas*—has complicated US relations with Mexico, already in a state of disrepair over economic and emigration issues. Mexican President Lopez Portillo not only broke diplomatic ties with Nicaragua late in May (coincidentally after a visit from Fidel Castro), but publicly chastized the US for failure to follow his example. Costa Rica and Panama maintain relations with Nicaragua, but openly support the *Sandinistas*. El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras—dictatorial regimes themselves facing rising rebellion—support the Somoza government.

In El Salvador, the regime is fighting back against well-organized urban and rural guerrillas. The US has stayed out of the Salvadorean rebellion, but it can count on no sympathies from the present opposition, should it become victorious in the cycle of violence. The US neutrality is seen as tacit support of the military in power, although the Carter administration has avoided any identification with the government—emphasizing, in fact, its human rights pressures there.

Finally, the US has a problem in Panama that, combined with all the other Caribbean and Central American tensions, could feed anti-American sentiment in the whole region. This is the administration's inability so far to prevail on the House of Representatives to approve legislation implementing the Panama Canal treaties signed by President Carter and ratified last year by the Senate. Without this legislation, the US may be unable to carry out its treaty obligations toward Panama, creating a major new source of friction in the hemisphere.

Tad Szulc

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Late Spring Round-Up

Alien (20th Century-Fox). Space is getting domesticated in films. *Alien* is basically a haunted-house mystery, only this time it's not a lonely mansion, it's a gigantic spaceship somewhere Out There in the future. After all the by-now familiar space décor, what it comes down to is *The Cat and the Canary*—people being scared in dark corridors. This sort of film sooner or later reduces to the same shot, in space or on earth: a close-up of a frightened person in a shadowy place, light in hand, staring wide-eyed with fright at the camera. And, as usual, there's a false comic scare before the real pow: in this case the ship's mascot, a cat, jumps out scared before the Thing strikes.

The plot as such is quickly tedious, not only because it's a stale ritual but because it's stretched and repetitious. But the Thing itself, in various stages, is ingeniously designed by H. R. Giger, known for his science-fiction illustrations, and is ingeniously animated by Carlo Rambaldi and others. A three-minute set of clips from the picture would make a good spine-tingler.

It's about a spaceship on a routine cargo voyage that stops at an off-course planet because of an odd radio signal and unwittingly picks up another passenger. It was directed by Ridley Scott who made *The Duellists*, a painfully pretty film that distorted a Joseph Conrad story. Apparently to connect *Alien* with Conrad somehow, Scott has named this space-ship *Nostromo*—anyway, there's no other reason for the name.

The crew, just to keep things *au courant*, includes two women and a black. The cast includes some people and a few actors, notably Ian Holm who is figuratively spaced out. The dialogue is studded with profanities. This is a drag because it seems so arbitrarily done, as if daring us to be corny enough to object. Uncornily, I object. Ostentation is

ostentation, whether it's diamonds or fuck-words. Besides, was it commercially wise to insist on this lexicon in a film to which parents might otherwise take children? (It's a smash hit, but might have been even smashier.)

Winter Kills (Avco Embassy). What if Joseph P. Kennedy had himself arranged for the murder of his son President John F. Kennedy? That's the supposition, thinly disguised, of this film based on a novel by Richard Condon, and that's enough about it.

Teresa the Thief (World Northal). After no Monica Vitti for a long time, we get her American-made film *An Almost Perfect Affair* (TNR, May 5) followed quickly by this Italian comedy that she made in 1974. There was intermittent word of the comedies-for-home-consumption that Vitti has been making in recent years, with success, and I've been hungry to see them. *Teresa* takes care of that hunger for a while.

The theater of the 19th and early 20th centuries was crammed with vehicles: plays constructed to display the personalities and powers of certain stars. For obvious reasons that kind of tailoring has largely moved to film—there's not much of it left in the theater—and at the moment it seems to be more active in European film than American. Some recent Annie Girardot pictures from France were merely showcases to display our Annie as a worldly-wise, maternally competent, professionally active, still sexy middle-aged woman. *Teresa*, derived though it is from a novel, seems designed for the persona that apparently Vitti has been developing: an earthy, resourceful, warm-hearted, philosophical, gullible-with-men, loyal gamine—Joan Blondell of the 1930s, now dark-haired and swamped with marinara sauce.

Teresa grows up during World War II, is broke a good deal of the time, burgles and picks pockets—not very successfully—is in jail a lot, is exploited by men a lot, and keeps relatively resilient, even cheerful. The character seems more the product of the demands of Vitti's audience than of her experiences in the film. The script is a series of episodes that could have been condensed or expanded, not particularly funny or moving or enlightening—or original.

The sole interesting aspect of *Teresa* is the incidental information about the Fascist era and Italy in wartime. (One bit untranslated in the sub-titles: a shop in Rome has shutters that say it's closed permanently because it's Jewish-owned.)

The Silent Partner (EMC). Christopher Plummer is the major theater disappointment of our age—not because he has not developed as an actor but because he has. When I first became aware of him in the early 1950s, he seemed to have all the requisites for greatness. In terms of talent, technical virtuosity, sheer diamond-sparkle, he has proved it. I went up to the Stratford, Ontario, Festival in 1962 to see his Macbeth and his Cyrano and, in themselves, his performances were worth the trip. I've never seen him be less than extraordinary in everything from Brecht's *Arturo Ui* to the recent E. L. Doctorow play *Drinks Before Dinner* which was like a cement block attached to a Mafia victim, in spite of which Plummer

Films Worth Seeing

The China Syndrome. Too simplified in its villainies, still a whiz of a thriller—about trouble in a nuclear energy plant.

The Deer Hunter. Superbly acted, sometimes well-directed, weakly worked-out script on the limitations of male mystique—set in the US and Vietnam.

Norma Rae. Sally Field lives—in this slightly naive but deeply moving drama of labor organizing in the Deep South today.

Richard Pryor. Live in Concert. Might have been better—as searingly satirical as its opening—but could hardly be funnier. Eighty minutes of raunchy laughs.

SK

managed to surface. It isn't that Plummer has made consistently bad choices: on the contrary, he has played a number of great roles, especially in Canada and in England. Yet he doesn't stand where he ought to stand, at the head of his profession, at the head of his own theater, another Olivier. Since it is not a question of gifts, I assume it's a matter of character and, possibly, of luck.

In films, on the other hand, he has done about as well as might have been expected. Although he can be enormously moving, his style is dominantly steely, glittering, ironic, witty, and in films this is not the stuff of stars but of important supporting actors. You had only to see him as the husband in *The Sound of Music* to know that he would have to leave star "heart" to others and concentrate on other matters. (At one point in the making of *Dr. Doolittle* he was scheduled to play the lead and might have been just as bad as Rex Harrison was.) In *The Silent Partner* he plays a psychopathic killer, a diabolical thief, and he burnishes the part so well that you know he can never be a film-centered star.

The story, set in Plummer's native Toronto, is built on a trick by an "honest" bank teller who tries to cash in on a robbery done by a pro. Elliott Gould, looking like a partially recovered invalid, is limp as the teller. The only

remarkable elements other than Plummer are the cinematography of Billy Williams, who gets subtlety of color out of the commonplace, and the fact that it was directed by Daryl Duke (also a Canadian). Duke directed the grossly underprized *Payday* (TNR, March 17, 1973), a film about a country-music star, which flopped. Good though that picture was, Duke has apparently had trouble in getting another, although he has been doing much work in TV.

He took on this script, I infer, because he needed another film, and he does what he can with it. Some of it is fairly deft, though all of it is essentially confining of his talent. The only reason I hope the picture succeeds is that this would give Duke the future that his infinitely better *Payday* didn't get for him.

Love at First Bite (American International). Dracula (George Hamilton) comes to New York today because he is evicted from his castle by the communist government of his country and because he has fallen in love with the photos of an American fashion model who, he finds out, is the girl friend of a psychoanalyst. Besides reviving Dracula, the script revives a gag I hoped never to see again: black people being frightened by a ghost. Still, the picture should make every mediocre white high-school kid feel smartly "in."

The craving for vicarious excitement, for intense experiences in an increasingly impersonal and boring society, helps to explain the fascination with Hitler's life. The longing for leaders in a leaderless world is real: the great wartime statesmen have passed from the scene, replaced by managers and corporate executives. But, above all, Hitler's life makes a good story. Even though the complexities of his life and thought have, for the most part, been omitted, the tale can be enjoyed as a soap opera that deals with the fate of nations. Millions of corpses are hidden under the fascinating details of Hitler's personal life.

It is typical that John Toland in his otherwise excellent *Hitler: The Pictorial Documentary of His Life* (Doubleday; \$14.95) devotes one chapter to the "loves of Adolf Hitler" but none to his victims. Still worse, Joachim Fest's film about Adolf Hitler (1977), which played in the last two years throughout Germany, showed the mass meetings, the torch-light parades and the private life of Adolf Hitler (Eva Braun's photographs are a must for all biographies), but conveniently forgot those who had to pay the price. Not without reason some young Germans published a book entitled: "What has Fest Withheld? Anti-Fascist Documents and Pictures." Surely it was not Fest's intention to leave a favorable impression of Hitler and the Nazi party, for his own monumental *Hitler* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$15) is the most balanced of such books, even though it too focuses on the leader to the neglect of other historical forces. And neither John Toland nor David Irving sets out to whitewash Hitler. Nevertheless, their books, like Fest's, try to see the world as Hitler saw it, to tell the story as much as possible through his eyes.

The books by Toland and Irving and the film by Fest are a tribute to those historians (like Karl Dietrich Bracher in his *German Dictatorship*) who during the 1960s and 1970s tried to set aside moral judgments and attempted to let the facts speak for themselves. This approach transformed our understanding of National Socialism, but it is likely to be counterproductive when applied to popular biography which substitutes lively detail for the complexities and paradoxes of Hitler's life. The facts are muted in the minutiae of Hitler's court or subsumed under his personal likes and dislikes. There is no room for the long view.

The generous use of psychohistory in

Hitler Redux

"When I'm leaning against his shoulder, the bad times are over." The words are Eva Braun's in the English Rock Opera *Der Führer* (Electrola), but the feelings of distraction do not belong to her alone. Hitler as the pop hero and villain, Hitler as the central figure in an exciting drama—this is the result of the Hitler wave now upon us. Adolf Hitler has been taken over by the entertainment industry; books about his victims are in less demand. Indeed, the present Hitler revival comes uncomfortably close to presenting the Führer standing in splendid isolation without his subjects and without Auschwitz.

Mere curiosity about the past cannot adequately explain the Hitler revival. To be sure, there is renewed interest in

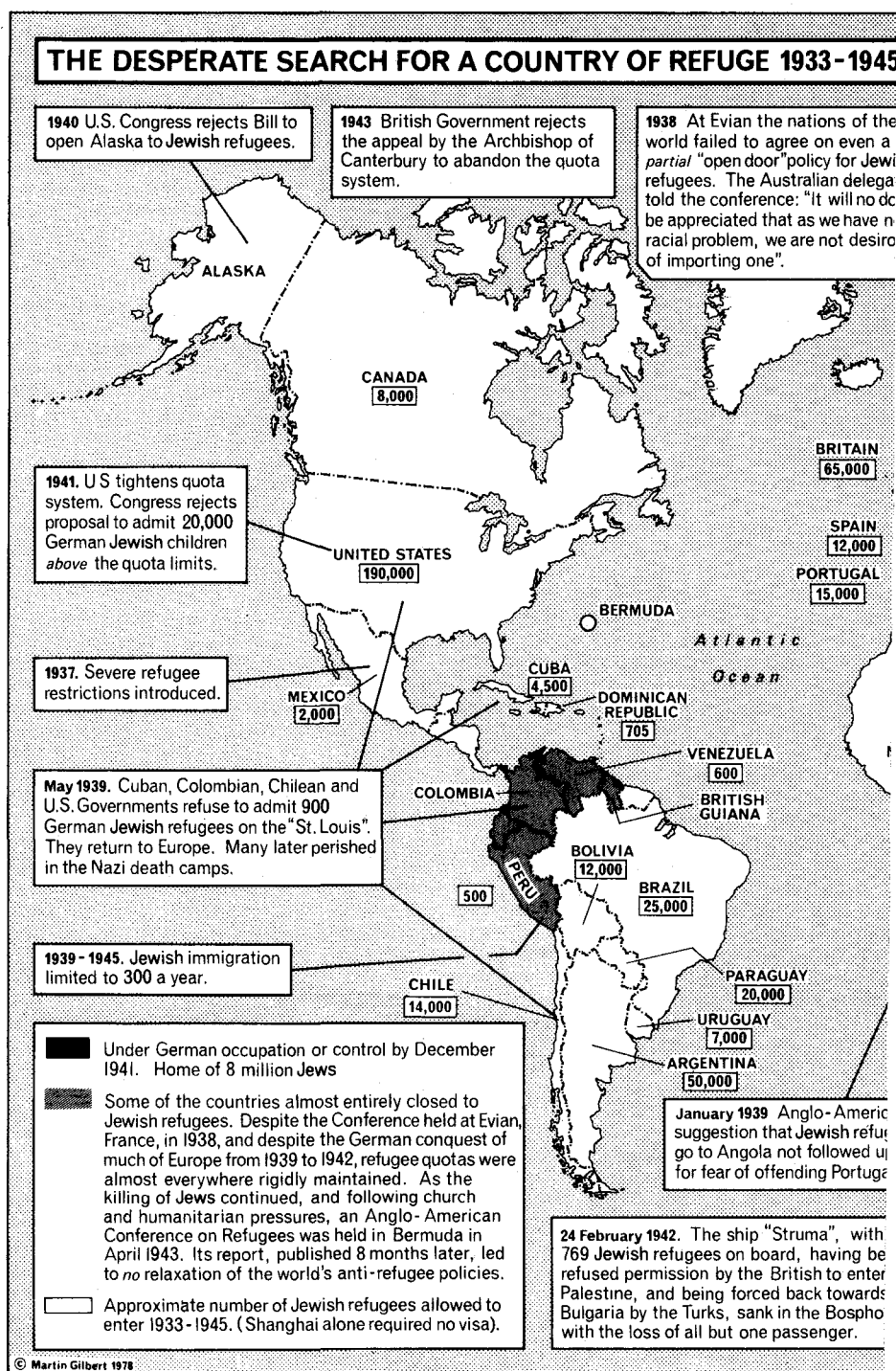
Hitler's life, which few in the United States really remember. His recent biographers tell the story smoothly and well, filling the canvas with as many details as it will hold. Moreover, both John Toland's immensely popular *Adolf Hitler* (Doubleday; \$14.95) and David Irving's *The War Path; Hitler's Germany 1933-1939* (Viking; \$14.95), in spite of its title really a biography of Hitler in power, garnish their stories with spoken dialogue taken from eyewitness reports in order to give readers a feeling of immediacy. They are made party to the historical drama, and the more powerful the ruler, the greater the thrill.

The Hitler wave arrived in the 1970s when politics as usual had taken the place of the wars and riots of the 1960s.

these biographies helps to isolate Hitler from his context. John Toland makes much of such findings, basing himself upon Rudolf Binion's *Hitler Among the Germans* (Elsevier; \$12.95). If Hitler was somehow pathologically retarded through the shock of his mother's death and his nervous blindness toward the end of the war, as Binion asserts, then National Socialism was nothing more than an accident of history.

Concentration upon Hitler's official and private life necessarily pushes his victims to the fringes of the narrative. The Führer busies himself with foreign leaders whom he wants to impress or terrorize: he plans war with his generals; he makes small talk at lunch or is gallant to ladies. But the Jews, in his mind the chief adversary, never appear at all for the simple reason that Hitler never came in contact with any of them during his working day. Lebensraum and the mass murder of Jews were linked in Hitler's mind, but here they are torn asunder. Even John Toland, who explicitly recognizes this connection, veils Hitler's racist obsessions behind the minutiae of his life. Popular biography should point beyond the immediate and tangible to the long-range consequences of the Third Reich: perhaps SS commanders planning the strategy of mass murder should have been set alongside Hitler's generals planning the war. Not only were both serving identical goals, but respectable generals and commanders of extermination camps were from Hitler's own point of view engaged in an identical battle.

All of these books make use of a scholarly apparatus, however slight, in order to authenticate their narrative. The scholarship is part of the effort to gratify the reader's desire for inside information. Secondary sources are almost never cited; instead the mistaken impression is given that these stories are based on original discoveries. Moreover, Toland, Irving and James P. O'Donnell in *The Bunker* (Houghton Mifflin; \$13.95) lay claim to new sources of information: for Toland and O'Donnell interviews with eyewitnesses, for Irving the private papers of Fritz Todt, the builder of Hitler's *Autobahnen*. In reality such books are, for the most part, based upon previously published works which are readily accessible. The Hitler of these books is still largely the Führer Alan Bullock portrayed nearly 30 years ago. The sources for the story of Hitler and the Third Reich are by now well known. There is no unknown Hitler. There is only a Hitler who needs to be better



The Holocaust by Martin Gilbert

(Hill and Wang; \$9.95, paper; \$3.45)

Martin Gilbert writes in his preface that "no map, and no photograph, can convey more than the tiniest fragment of the torment and tortures which so many people suffered" during the Nazi era. But the 23 maps and 60 photographs he has assembled in this book speak with

understood through the historical context of his life.

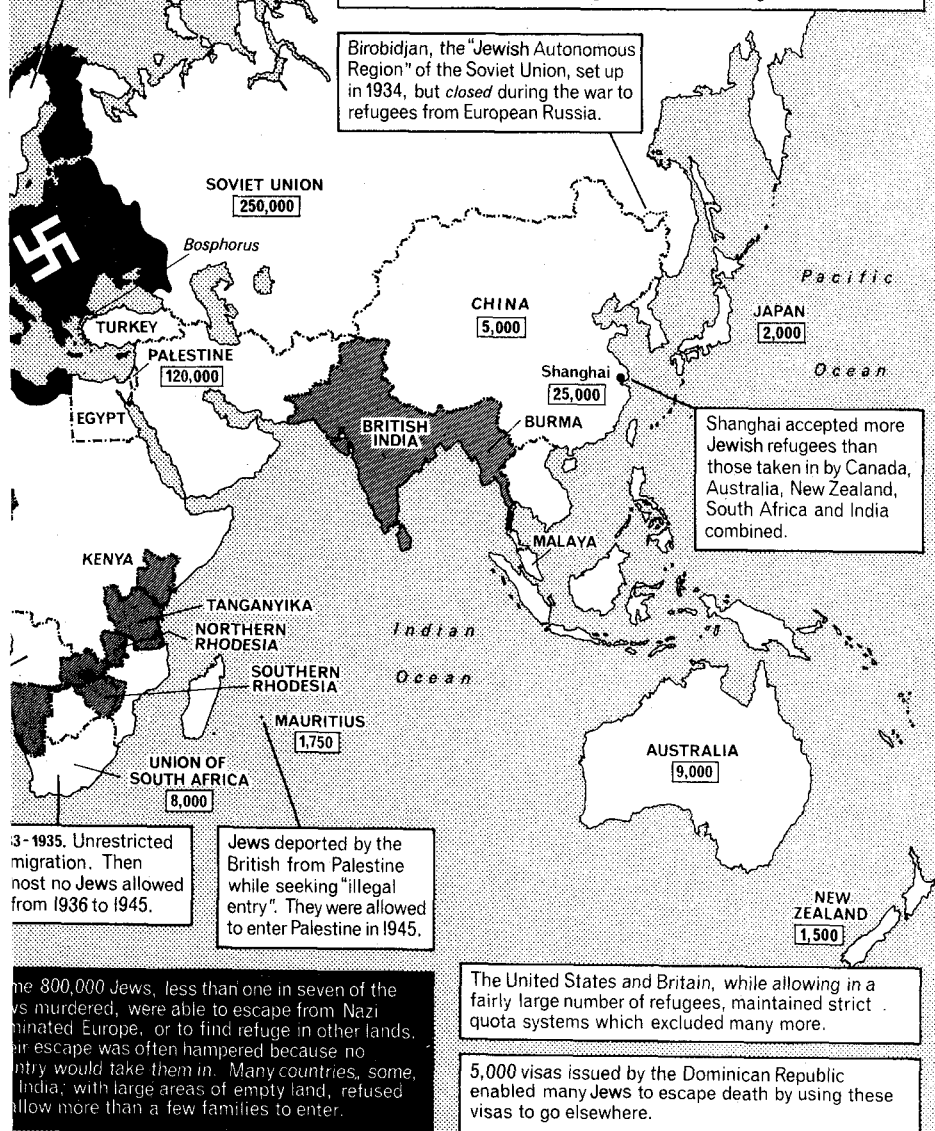
James P. O'Donnell's book does not raise the same basic problems as the more ambitious Hitler biographies. His scenario deals with one episode of Hitler's life, the most dramatic perhaps, but historically of little importance.

Here love of detail can have free rein: daily life in the Bunker provides the justification for telling a story. To be sure, Hugh Trevor-Roper in *The Last Days of Adolf Hitler* has told us all we really need to know and O'Donnell simply fleshes out the story without adding anything to the usual portrait of Adolf

40 U.S. State Department rejects Jewish proposal for joint rescue of 1,000 Jewish children from Germany.

In 1917 Britain promised the Jews a "National Home" in Palestine. But in May 1939, following protests from Egypt, Syria, Yemen, Iraq, and from the Muslims of India, the British not only introduced severe restrictions on Jewish immigration, but also put pressure on the German, Greek, Yugoslav, Bulgarian and Turkish Governments *not* to allow "illegal" immigrants into Palestine. As a result of this policy, tens of thousands of Jews lost the chance to reach Palestine, a land in which the League of Nations had specifically given them the right to buy land, to settle on waste land, to till the soil, and to contribute by their own efforts to its economic prosperity. Many of those who were unable to emigrate perished during the Nazi holocaust.

Birobidjan, the "Jewish Autonomous Region" of the Soviet Union, set up in 1934, but closed during the war to refugees from European Russia.



while academics have usually come to terms with their national past by blaming capitalists, the petty bourgeois or the Wilhelminian Reich for the German catastrophe. History without people as practiced in Germany confronts people without history in the English speaking world.

But Anglo-Saxon biography does demythologize aspects of Hitler's life because it is free to argue logically without looking over its shoulder in order not to step outside a fashionable historical determinism. The myth of Hitler as a tool of big business should now be laid to rest once and for all by James and Suzanne Pool's *Who Financed Hitler? The Secret Funding of Hitler's Rise to Power 1919-1933* (Dial; \$10.95). This is a sound work of scholarship which proves convincingly that the Nazi party was dependent on members' dues until fairly late in its course. In the years before the seizure of power the vast majority of big business never united behind Hitler but tried, from time to time, with great reluctance, to gain influence over him and his movement. Nevertheless, it should not astonish us that big business finally adjusted to the Third Reich as the government in power. The Pools show how German industrialists tried to ward off what they considered the evils of Nazism, then attempted to influence it, and finally came to terms with the reality of power. This is a far cry from Hitler as the creature of monopoly capitalism.

Such demythologizing is the strength of the Hitler revival in England and the United States. To be sure, it is a part of the sensationalism of these books, of the exposure of the so-called truth about Hitler. Nevertheless, the findings of modern scholarship are accepted even while drawing a one-dimensional portrait, and ignoring the basic questions with which Hitler confronts us. What, for example, is the relationship between the banal Hitler, the respectable statesman who could be shy, even modest, and the demagogue who believed in secret sciences, and who was obsessed with racism and final solutions? The dictator who articulated so well the shared beliefs and longings of his people, who built his movement on the financial and political support of the average citizen, and the pied piper who did not hesitate to betray his people in order to build his racist utopia? The Hitler phenomenon cannot be solved without answering such basic questions—telling and retelling the story does not penetrate beneath the surface.

powerful starkness of the horrors of the Holocaust. Each annotated map is an informative compendium to a period of Jewish history. Some are sweeping: "Persecution, Expulsion and Refuge, 1050 AD-1650" is the subject of one map. Others span less time but reveal far more horror: the map entitled "German Official Plans for the Final Solution, 20 January 1942" details, country by country, the number of Jews (more than 14 million in all) marked out for deportation and eventual death in Nazi concentration camps.

Hitler. Indeed, the sensationalism of the book tends to trivialize the role of death in the Nazi drama. The death of mass murderers is not a holocaust.

Yet for all their weaknesses, the Hitler biographies draw some strength from their failings. The concentration upon detail prevents them from accepting

theories of capitalist conspiracy, still prevalent in much of German scholarship, or ideas of historical inevitability which hold that the signals for the Third Reich were set during the reign of Emperor Wilhelm II. In Germany biographies of the Führer have been written by journalists, for the most part,

Can fiction give us a better insight into Hitler's complex personality? Beryl Bainbridge builds her novel *Young Adolf* (George Braziller; \$7.95) upon the 23-year-old Adolf Hitler's imaginary visit to his stepbrother in Liverpool. Her story is in turn based upon a fabricated "Journey to England" invented by Hitler's Irish stepsister-in-law who wanted to have part of the action and proceeded to dream up the so-called "lost year" of Adolf Hitler's Viennese period. Beryl Bainbridge's description of the young Adolf is taken directly from Brigid Dowling Hitler's account: he is a feckless, lazy, passive and dishonest youth, given to bouts of hysteria. Young Adolf surrounded by Dickensian characters in a Liverpool slum can tell us nothing about the future Führer, and Beryl Bainbridge does not really want us to look too far ahead. This is a refreshingly modest book, a little fantasy in which the present is more important than the future, in which the sketches of Liverpool and its curious inhabitants count for more than the name of the Austrian visitor.

Fiction has not always used Hitler and his movement so modestly. It has become common to use the Third Reich as a setting which will make it easier to titillate the reader. A book like James Wakefield Burke's *Arly* (Caroline House; \$8.99) pretends to deepen our understanding of the last days in Berlin by following the footsteps of a former Hitler maiden and her family as the Russians occupied the city. Flat political dialogue is interspersed with scenes of appalling personal and sexual cruelty. The book caricatures the Hitler revival: the Russian victory and occupation is seen through the eyes of the Hitler maidens—so far so good—but in addition Burke tries to demonstrate that committed Nazis could be courageous, decent and patriotic, qualities which rise to the surface in their disillusionment with the Führer and their struggle against the Asiatics. (Russian soldiers are stereotypes in this fiction, just as Nazis are stereotyped in other popular novels: the villains have to be clearly divided from heroes, which leaves little room for character portrayal.) No doubt the cruelty described was real enough, but in popular fiction it is detached from history and therefore excites rather than enlightens.

If the fascination with abomination, as Joseph Conrad once called it, can be turned into entertainment by detaching Hitler and the Nazis from their historical context, why not go all the way and

resurrect the Führer at a time when cloning is the subject of general discussion? A few years ago in the film *The Boys from Brazil* Hitler was cloned in the midst of a Latin American jungle, and now Gus Weil in *The Führer Seed* (Morrow; \$9.95) seems to have accomplished the same deed. This time the Führer is reincarnated through his illegitimate son, only recently discovered. This young Adolf, unlike Beryl Bainbridge's character, has ambition, charisma and drive. He comes close to controlling the world through the support of Nazi sympathizers and Arab money (the oil sheiks lend themselves superbly to conspiracy theories). The novel is advertised as the stuff nightmares are made of, and indeed the Nazi experience provides the plot for science fiction or second-rate spy novels: Hitler as an up-to-date Frankenstein satisfies the craving for mystery and exoticism in an increasingly demythologized world. The 19th-century Frankenstein and his native Transylvania have given way to the 20th-century nightmare, which, however, is no longer a nightmare at all but light entertainment. Surely this is a high price to pay for coming to terms with Hitler and the Third Reich, the murdered millions expunged from the memory of those who experience horror as pleasure.

Film rather than fiction seems better equipped to illuminate the Hitler phenomenon. The Führer and his movement emphasized the visual rather than the printed word. National Socialism

sought to document itself through films like Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*. If we want to know how Hitler desired to see himself or to be remembered, we can do it best here rather than through fiction or popular biography. It is typical that the many photographs in these Hitler books are often more illuminating than the text (which Toland, with his book of photographs, may have realized). The Fest film, for all its one-sidedness, does penetrate Hitler's view of himself without the obstruction of massive and often undifferentiated detail. But the film has been a latecomer to the Hitler wave and it is therefore impossible as yet to gauge its potential.

None of these books answers the question "why Hitler?" With all their demythologizing, their refusal to accept the demonic as an explanation for history, they still do not present a balanced picture of victors and victims, or grasp the organic unity of Hitler's life within the past and the present. Those who want to understand history will have to abandon the satisfaction of replaying the drama for the more painful and sober task of historical analysis.

George L. Mosse

George L. Mosse, Bascom Professor of History, University of Wisconsin, is the author of *Towards the Final Solution: A History of European Racism* (Howard Fertig) and *Nazism* (Transaction Books).

Homosexuality in Perspective

by William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson

(Little, Brown; \$17.50)

Masters and Johnson have never been noted for conceptual clarity or sophistication. In *Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, their boldly modernist findings on physiology (the multiorgasmic and clitoral nature of female sexuality) were presented in jarring tandem with their highly traditional psychosocial assumptions (monogamous lifetime pair-bonding as the optimal condition for human happiness). They seemed to be *sans culottes* clutching Gucci bags. But sympathy for the overall daring of their enterprise disarmed some critics and their Olym-

pian tone and forbidding technical vocabulary intimidated others. Besides, many hoped that Masters and Johnson's reluctance to speculate signaled the kind of stringent self-denial that might one day result in a carefully constructed theoretical synthesis that would subsume all the earlier contradictions.

With the publication of Masters and Johnson's latest work, *Homosexuality in Perspective*, that hope must be foresworn. If anything, the conceptual fog has thickened, their intellectual evasions and simplicities multiplied. One now fears the problem is less presumption

than obtuseness. For the most astonishing aspect of Masters and Johnson's altogether astonishing new study is their inability to distinguish the banal from the noteworthy. They overvalue their more obvious findings and negate or misconstrue their most original ones.

Thus they announce, with considerable fanfare, that they have found no significant physiological differences between homosexuals and heterosexuals in regard to "efficient sexual functioning," or in amenability to treatment for occasional dysfunction. These findings, they predict, will greatly dilute anti-gay prejudice. But why? It has never been widely doubted that gay people are "sexually proficient"; that may be one of the few areas in which they have not been negatively stereotyped. The opposite premise—that gays are *too* sexual, too active in pursuit of pleasure—has been far more important in feeding homophobia.

Just as Masters and Johnson are overemphatic in declaiming the obvious, they are guilty of failing to recognize and pursue some of their most genuinely startling findings. Though its significance seems to have escaped them, they have produced data of immense importance in helping to advance debate on a number of longstanding (and long-stalemated) issues: is Freud's suggestion that we are all "innately" bisexual accurate? Is the "gay lifestyle" sufficiently distinctive to warrant designating it a "subculture"? Is sexual fidelity an essential ingredient of emotional commitment? Is monogamous pairbonding the likeliest guarantee of human happiness?

The data on bisexuality are found in two sections of the book—those dealing with "ambisexuality" and "fantasy."

While recruiting over the years for their various studies, Masters and Johnson occasionally met men and women (ultimately they gathered 12 of them, six of each gender) who reported frequent sexual interaction with members of both sexes, showed "complete neutrality in partner preference" and evinced "no interest in sustained relationships." These last two attitudes convinced Masters and Johnson that these people should be distinguished from bisexuals; accordingly, they have labeled them "ambisexuals." Possibly they should be distinguished from the entire human race—if we can believe Masters and Johnson's additional findings about them. Ambisexuals, it seems, infrequently fantasize, never feel "performance anxiety," are "confident in their

approach to any sexual opportunity" and "obviously enjoy" any presented to them, "embody a tremendous sexual appeal [and the] . . . freedom to express sexual interest without prejudice or bias that might neutralize the appeal." In short, transcultural, superhuman.

Except we are not quite persuaded they exist, at least not in the pure form described. No one has ever accused Masters and Johnson of exaggerating for theatrical effect (their prose is turgid beyond all reason or belief), but they have often been accused of imprecision. At one point they describe the ambisexual's interest in sex as "purely a matter of physical release"; at another, as "primarily for tension release." Which is it—"purely" or "primarily"? The point is not too fine, since "primarily" leaves room for a host of additional possibilities—including an interest in "relating" of which ambisexuals are purportedly devoid. Our skepticism increases when we learn that one ambisexual woman had been married. Masters and Johnson try to reassure us: "the marriage was contracted purely for the convenience of her partner; she had no investment in the personal relationship." "Purely" again; Masters

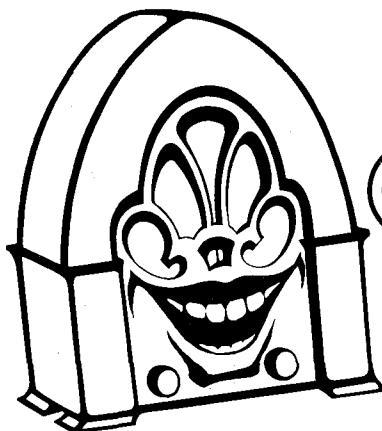
and Johnson seem bent on dichotomy.

Suspicious aroused, we read on about these fascinating extraterrestrials. They have "no histories of trouble with the law or with authority figures; no patterns of poor performance at work, school or in the military . . . no difficulty in functioning responsibly in most facets of their lives," no history of "psychologic pathology" and "no physical or metabolic defects." Hmmm. Does the absence of "patterns of poor performance" imply the presence solely of "excellent" ones, or were there mediocre performances, too? If ambisexuals function "responsibly in most facets" of life, does that mean they fail to do so in "some"? How is "responsibly" being defined (or for that matter, "authority")? Is it nit-picking to ask whether freedom from so grand a malady as "psychologic pathology" presumes freedom from garden-variety neurosis as well? (Why *did* that woman marry a man solely for his convenience? Isn't apathy of that magnitude tantamount to self-negation—and wouldn't that qualify as "psychologic pathology"?) If Masters and Johnson have persuasive answers for such questions, why have they withheld them? One would think

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they'd feel an obligation—to their own reputations, at least—to pass on the needed definitions and distinctions.

Instead, they swoop off from the particular into a dizzying spiral of outsized generalizations. Short on answers, they are quick with moralisms. Lest the ambisexual lifestyle strike mere mortals as attractively varied and uninhibited, Masters and Johnson warn that it ends as "an intolerable burden," that "the unceasing parade of new faces and bodies" leads in time to "overwhelming" feelings of "social isolation." How do they know? During interviews, "the older ambisexuals" told them. (One of them? Several? It's well to remember that the *total* study sample consisted of 12 people.) Is their loneliness different in degree or kind from what aging people generally feel? One would expect ambisexuals to feel it *less*—if they are as free of affect and attachment to other people as Masters and Johnson have led us to believe. Anyway, isn't aloneness an inescapable fact of life, and during *every* phase of it (regardless of the number and quality of live-in companions)? Isn't recognition of that fact—however un-American—the only plausible definition of maturity?

Masters and Johnson will have none of it. They have contended for far too long that a committed relationship is a stay—the only stay—against despair to tolerate any ambiguity toward the ambisexual lifestyle. Their agitation and their flights of fantasy build apace. Ambisexuality, they tell us, represents either "a prior point of departure or an anticipated end-point in our psychosocial structuring"—the vestige of an earlier "immature" stage in human development or a grim forerunner of what lies ahead. That covers the two popular bases—pleistocene and lunar—but the air remains a little thin. Without having ever convinced us that ambisexuality is indeed a separate category of being, Masters and Johnson have proceeded to endow it with symbolic importance of vast, Manichean dimensions. Then—as in all good morality plays—they close on a note of benign reassurance: "The research team is currently more comfortable with the speculation that ambisexuality represents more a prior point of departure than a societal end-point." What a relief! (But did you notice that ambivalent word "more"? Oh for God's sake—be grateful for small imprecisions!)

Moving right along, Masters and Johnson next try to defuse a second

ATTEMPT AT DIALOGUE

"a hen telling the time is a sign of bad luck"

Japanese proverb

I am the left handed drinker
(drunkard, you call it)
who pours my own sake,
through only a thimbleful.

I am the Yama no Kami
who lifts my eyes
to my husband's—
to contradict him.

I am the poet
who sees in the falling plum leaves
all the places the wind
might take them.

"It's a cold
and western wind," you answer
"and our walls are made
of rice paper."

Linda Pastan

storehouse of bisexual explosives: our fantasy lives. They present data on sexual fantasies gathered over a 20-year period, and although they try to muffle its subversive impact the material is still startling, a challenge, on several fronts, to conventional wisdom. To give a few samples: homosexuals show "greater psychosexual security" than heterosexuals; all four study groups (homosexual men and women, heterosexual men and women) express a high level of interest in "forced sexual encounters," the fantasies of homosexual men containing more violence than those of heterosexual men who envision themselves more frequently as rapists than rapists—as victims of "groups of unidentified women"; lesbian women record the highest incidence of fantasy, and are the only group that includes their current partners in their fantasies to any significant degree; the most common fantasy pattern for both heterosexual men and women involves the replacement of their established partners with somebody else.

The single most enlightening finding is the high incidence in all groups of what Masters and Johnson call "cross-preference" fantasies. Among gay men and lesbian women, overt heterosexual interaction was the third highest fantasy; to an only slightly lesser degree, straight men and women fantasized about overt homosexual interaction. That last finding is especially remarkable, and for two reasons. The heterosexual subjects were over-

whelmingly Kinsey O—that is, exclusively heterosexual. During discussions and interviews, moreover, they had described same gender sex as "revolting" and "unthinkable." Yet the very men and women whose public condemnation of homosexuality was most vitriolic showed in their fantasies "a significant curiosity, a sense of sexual anticipation, or even fears for effectiveness of sexual performance."

If Masters and Johnson fully recognize the explosive nature of these findings, you would never know it from their brief and bland discussion. On the high incidence of fantasies involving force, their sole comment is to caution against "necessarily" assuming any desire to act on these fantasies in "real life." This has less the air of scientific scrupulosity than personal repugnance. Masters and Johnson have never shown—unlike Alex Comfort, say, or Kinsey—much tolerance or understanding of "perverse" variations on the missionary themes. For them to acknowledge the appeal of "force" would be tantamount to admitting that the household staples (coitus, partner manipulation, fellatio/cunnilingus) do not exhaust the imagination or appetites of even the "sexually proficient." It would also mean opening the Pandora's Box of sado-masochism, exploring the rising incidence in our society of terror and violence, domination and submission, retrieving the S/M phenomenon from the "scrummy fringe" to which traditional moralists (like Masters and

Johnson) have comfortably consigned it.

Their reaction to the "cross-preference" data is cut from the same tweedy cloth. They simply warn against assuming that such fantasies indicate "latent or unrealized" attractions. And no more said. Yet it takes no great insight to deduce other plausible readings. It strains neither the evidence nor the imagination to see in the high incidence of cross-preference fantasies confirmation of Freud's hoary suggestion that all human beings are potentially receptive to bisexual stimulation; that even when we have grown up in a homophobic culture and have long since declared ourselves gay or straight, the wish to be *both* retains a strong subterranean hold.

Masters and Johnson keep to the same adamantly bland posture in the face of the remarkable finding that for both heterosexual men and women, the single most common fantasy is displacement of their established partner. Five years ago in *The Pleasure Bond*—their only book aimed at a popular audience (an aim that required the services of a co-author to translate their hieroglyphics into something resembling English)—Masters and Johnson sternly equated infidelity with immaturity. The same animus, in more muted form, pervades *Homosexuality in Perspective*—indeed pervades all their work. Though enamored of their self-image as "objective scientists" and tireless in referring to their "neutral," "value-free" approach, their books have always been drenched in ideology. In choosing to deny this, they have merely ensured that their personal values would contaminate their data more, not less; for when the subjective component is not acknowledged, its distorting effect cannot be measured and contained.

As far back as 1975, Paul Robinson (in his book *The Modernization of Sex*) succinctly and brilliantly revealed the ideological assumptions that underlie Masters and Johnson's work. The essential ingredient, he wrote, is an "aversion to all sexual relationships that violate the monogamous heterosexual standard." Their therapeutic concern firmly centers on the *couple*, with needs of the individual subordinated to those of the marital unit. To maintain or salvage a committed relationship the individual is expected to sacrifice a certain amount of freedom—especially in the pursuit of sexual pleasure. Pleasure and union are apparently seen as at odds: the sexual drive inherently strong, the marital unit inherently fragile. What then justifies the heroic effort to curtail the one in the

name of saving the other? Because the marital unit is the only context in which something called "growth" can thrive. Does that mean "growth" and "pleasure" are discreet, even antagonistic entities? Unlike their Puritan forebears Masters and Johnson seem never to have posed that question consciously, or thought through an argument for asserting the prior claims of "growth." All that is clear is that on a subliminal level, they associate "growth" with safety—the kind found in a secure, lifetime relationship. But in substituting muddy hints for a reasoned exposition, they prove unconvincing advocates—especially for those who associate "growth" with the ability to remain open and take risks, with a willingness to explore the multiple, hidden recesses of personality.

Given Masters and Johnson's theoretical opacity and evasion, it comes as no surprise to find them in a state of semi-paralysis when confronted with the more subversive implications of their own data. To *look at* those implications might shake loose some foundation stones in their wobbly value structure. To *absorb* the fact that heterosexual men and women involved in longstanding relationships frequently—almost obsessively, it would seem—fantasize about displacing their established partners might raise the feared specter that familiarity really does breed contempt. To digest their additional finding that *assigned* couples had "fewer functional failures" during sex than committed couples, might suggest the widespread need for outside "spice"—its value even, in providing respite from the boredom and frustration that commonly assail longterm lovers. But rather than explore such implications, Masters and Johnson simply reiterate their belief in the prime importance of maintaining the marital unit—that "port-in-the-storm," that "retreat from social pressures." Security remains their supreme value, the ultimate benefaction, the essence and sum of human needs. We are in the landscape of the 1950s, peopled with all those men in grey flannel suits.

Masters and Johnson's deep distrust of pleasure when pursued outside the context of a committed relationship is of critical importance in understanding the tone and tactics they adopt in their discussion of gay life. Their earlier studies contained only scattered references to homosexuality; they treated it (in Paul Robinson's words) "from only one perspective: as a factor in the etiology of sexual inadequacy . . . as

an impediment to successful marital relationships." If a sexually dysfunctional client revealed any history of homosexuality, Masters and Johnson tended to draw a causal link between the two and would bend their (formidable) energy to "restoring" heterosexual functioning and "neutralizing" homosexual impulses. The client was never encouraged to explore the extent of his homosexual drive, to consider whether he might not be happier abandoning heterosexual marriage and committing to a gay partner or lifestyle. In their earlier books Masters and Johnson declined to undertake any extended discussion of etiology. But they dropped enough incidental remarks to reveal a strong commitment to an environmental (as opposed to biological) explanation for same gender attraction; to view homosexuality as an "organic" predisposition, after all, would have precluded therapeutic intervention.

The same attitudes underlie *Homosexuality in Perspective*, obscured somewhat by the mountain of new findings. Initially Masters and Johnson seem to be using those findings to build the most substantial—and implicitly revolutionary—case for gay chauvinism ever

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by Richard Espy

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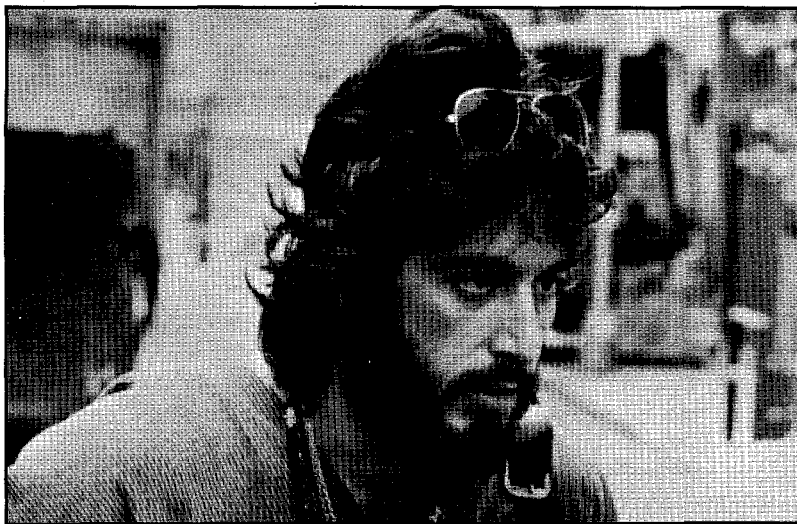
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Heroes of Eros: Male Sexuality in the Movies by Michael Malone

(Dutton; \$9.95)

Why is Clark Gable consistently sexier than, say, Troy Donahue? With over 150 movie stills, Michael Malone explores the ways stars from Rudolph Valentino to Paul Newman to John Travolta have fulfilled society's changing projections of male sexuality. Malone's classification of heroes as flirts, seducers, swashbucklers and so on works very well as far as it goes—but one wishes it went further. Is the secret of Gable's appeal really as simple as an honest liking for women?



made. Early on, they tell us that their decade-long study comparing heterosexual and homosexual men and women has convinced them that gay people are "more relaxed" and more fully involved in their sexual experiences. Gay people take more time; they make "each step in tension increment something to be appreciated"; they show markedly higher levels of "free-flowing" verbal and non-verbal communication. In contrast, heterosexual couples spend much less time in foreplay, show "greater psychosexual insecurity," and are "far more goal-oriented"—they want "to get the job done." In "only a few instances" did a husband seem "fully aware of his wife's levels of sexual excitation" or help her to "expand her pleasure"—and these were couples pre-screened for sexual proficiency and freedom from psychological or physical pathology.

Having catalogued the superior sexual and interpersonal skills of gay people, Masters and Johnson try to account for them. And here is where the trouble begins—the twisted logic, the defensive calculations, the *ex cathedra* pronouncements. They first stress the advantage gay people have of "intergender empathy." Perhaps. But is empathy a

quality that adheres to gender rather than to individuals? Besides, how does intergender empathy, an "advantage" lesbian and gay male couples share, help to explain the very different qualities that mark their relationships? As Masters and Johnson tell us, lesbian women achieve consistently higher levels of sexual excitement and show consistently greater consideration for their partners than gay men do. The latter, after all—a point Masters and Johnson fail to make—are often engaged in traditional male games, in emphasizing competition over cooperation, goals over process.

Masters and Johnson assign greater importance to a second explanation they offer for the "unusually high level of communicative interchange" between homosexual partners. It's the result—hold on to your hats—of *necessity*. Meaning? Only two "stimulative approaches" are "widely popular" among gay people; therefore "these techniques of *necessity* must be constantly varied and refined to the utmost to avoid the loss of stimulative effectiveness." If we follow this curious line of reasoning, should we then ascribe the frequent failure of heterosexual couples to reach "optimal" peaks of pleasure during coitus to a *lack*

of necessity—to the presumably wider range of stimulative options that awaits their attention? But then why do they also fall short, in comparison with gay people, in the degree of excitement they manage to reach during fellatio/cunnilingus? Are they hoarding skills and pleasures for yet other activities? If so, what activities? "Partner manipulation"—general body contact, holding, kissing, caressing—is the only other "basic stimulative option" Masters and Johnson recognize, and there, too, heterosexual "accomplishment" is portrayed as comparatively niggardly and minimal.

As logic falters, as Masters and Johnson fail to explain away the advantages of a gay lifestyle which they themselves have itemized, their dismay grows palpable. To counteract it, they resort to repeating—this time in more strident tones—that two and only two "basic stimulative techniques" (partner manipulation and fellatio/cunnilingus) are available to gay people, and that these, furthermore, are fundamentally "my turn-your turn" transactions (one person giving, the other receiving stimulation), unlike the "our turn" character of coitus. They concede that gay people can avail themselves of "the



pseudocoital techniques of rectal intercourse and dildo usage, plus occasions of mutual masturbation." But these, according to Masters and Johnson, are theoretical options only. "Only a minority" of their homosexual study group (a grand total of 176 people, 94 men and 82 women) reported using those techniques with any regularity. Ergo: they are not real options for gay people anywhere—and thus need not be discussed further. That sleight-of-hand accomplished, Masters and Johnson are able to proclaim that certain "long-range disadvantages" are inherent—that's right: *inherent*—in even committed homosexual relationships. The tables have been neatly turned. What appeared to be certain advantages in the gay lifestyle have in the nick of time been discovered to be short-term ones only. But at the expense of a characterization of gay sexuality that relies on arbitrary and self-enclosed definitions ("my turn-your turn") and an odious mix of misinformation and ingenuousness.

Such lunatic—and imperious—oscillations scramble the brain, to say nothing of affronting common sense. One would have to be fatuous (or malignant) not to see that *every* sexual act carries the potential of being a one-sided

(my turn-your turn) or mutual (our turn) transaction. Which potential will become operative hinges on the consideration the two partners have for each other's needs and their willingness to let their needs be known. On both counts gay people win hands down—by Masters and Johnson's reckoning. It is they who report that during coitus heterosexual couples only infrequently achieve any shared transaction worthy of the name. It is they—not some polemical gay pamphleteer—who report that a lesbian woman engaged in manipulating or sucking her partner's breasts (ostensibly a my turn-your turn transaction) "frequently reaches" a high level of sexual excitation herself (manages, in other words, simultaneously to receive and give pleasure—the essence of an "our turn" transaction).

It might also be well to remind Masters and Johnson of their repeated warning in *Homosexuality in Perspective* that their study samples are too small and skewed to be taken as "representative" or made the basis for broad generalizations. Would that they had heeded the warning. Would that—once the temptation to issue resounding pronouncements had overtaken them—they had at least consulted additional

source materials to supplement their own samples. One would have thought scientific integrity would have dictated as much. Or, failing that, an instinct for self-protection. Hubris, apparently, proved stronger than either.

A substantial library of additional source material is available. One recently published book—Karla Jay and Allan Young's *The Gay Report*, an 800-page compendium of lesbian and gay male sexual attitudes and practices—is alone sufficient to embarrass Masters and Johnson's characterizations. Based on 5000 replies to a lengthy and sophisticated questionnaire (yes, 5000—a somewhat larger sample than 176), *The Gay Report* undermines any confidence in Masters and Johnson's description of the "stimulative options" available to gay people; it even contains information suggesting that the range of options employed by gay people may well exceed that used by more timid (not "inherently disadvantaged") heterosexuals.

The Gay Report reveals that anal intercourse—a technique Masters and Johnson disdained as too peripheral to warrant discussion—is a "frequent choice of sexual pleasure for about half of the men" surveyed; a still larger proportion (70 percent) express

"positive feelings" toward it. As for analingus—a practice Masters and Johnson never once mention (Dare They Not Speak Its Name?)—it turns out that a majority (54 percent) of gay males engage in it with "some frequency" (though nearly 70 percent of lesbian women have "never engaged in it at all"). The *Gay Report* does confirm Masters and Johnson's statement that dildo usage among lesbians is minimal. However, lesbians feel far more positively about the use of vibrators (again unmentioned by Masters and Johnson), apparently because—as Pat Califia has suggested in her recent study, "Lesbian Sexuality"—vibrators are more effective than dildos in stimulating the clitoris and do not carry the same negative associations with male penetration.

With all this as background, we can now approach the single most publicized portion of *Homosexuality in Perspective*: Masters and Johnson's claimed success in "converting" homosexuals. In evaluating that claim, their view of the etiology of same gender attraction is significant. Essentially it is the same view expressed in their earlier studies, though now stated more explicitly and with more detail. Reviewing the recent research literature that has tried to identify possible hormonal/biological factors in the formation of a homosexual orientation, Masters and Johnson declare themselves (and I would agree) unimpressed; as yet, they conclude, such research has failed to produce any "secure information." They continue to believe that homosexuality is the product not of genes but of experience. But experience of a particular sort—negative experience. *Homosexuality in Perspective* contains numerous tales of how same gender orientation resulted from prior heterosexual experiences that had been unsatisfactory. One woman "gravitated to homosexuality as a means of sexual release" only after her husband had made it clear that he was "not interested in sex." Another woman, gang-raped at 20 and lacking "psychotherapeutic support," found herself "unable to cope"—which "led to total rejection of the male sex." This

etiological perspective, in tandem with Masters and Johnson's longstanding assumption that the *summum bonum* for a happy life is monogamous, heterosexual, lifetime pair-bonding, made it predictable that their prime clinical concern would be to "neutralize" homosexual impulses and "re-establish" heterosexual ones.

Their treatment of "N" illustrates their doctrinal and therapeutic approach. A 37-year old Kinsey 4 (an individual "who has had a significant amount of heterosexual experience but whose sexual outlets have been predominantly homosexual"), "N"'s history contained considerable heterosexual experience, including a marriage. But after falling in love with a man with whom he then lived for seven years, "N" shifted entirely to a homosexual orientation, one which (in Masters and Johnson's own words) "completely satisfied" him. That is, until rumors began to circulate at work that he was gay, making him fear exposure—and the destruction of his career. Though it had been many years since he felt any interest in heterosexual contact, "N" went to the Masters and Johnson Institute in St. Louis determined to "convert" (or, in his case, "revert"). They accepted him into the program. "Strong motivation," they believe, plus the availability of "an understanding opposite-sex partner" during treatment, are the best auguries for "success." They also believe that "the real or implied threat of social rejection or a constant concern for job security" are "good reasons" for an individual to change his sexual orientation. Just as Masters and Johnson have always given priority to the stability of the marital unit over the pleasure-seeking drives of the individual, so they opt for career security over any emotional or expressive needs that might jeopardize it.

During treatment, "N"'s earlier "heterosexual effectiveness" was restored: he was soon able to perform with his female partner. Masters and Johnson then "explained the alternatives" (we are given no details) open to him, and "N" "evidenced no indecision in making a full heterosexual commitment." Masters and Johnson placed him in their "success" column. As was the case with 67 percent of the 54 men and 60 percent of the 13 women who had entered the program, "N" had "achieved" heterosexual behavior. Those percentages are remarkably high in comparison with the 10-20 percent rates attributed to other therapies, and

Masters and Johnson allow themselves a little well-mannered crowing: "the current concept among health-care professionals" that the sexual orientation of "dissatisfied" homosexual males or females cannot be changed—a concept which "the homosexual community has also adopted and freely propagandized"—is "simply erroneous."

"Simply," it turns out, is more than a little bald-faced. Masters and Johnson's selection process, first of all, had been so rigorous it could be called rigged. Recruitment for the program took place between 1964 and 1968, a period predating the gay liberation movement (and the positive changes it has subsequently wrought in self-image and social acceptance), a time when many gay men and women felt desperate—were, in Masters and Johnson's preferred terminology, "highly motivated" to change. Still, some were not thought highly motivated enough—nearly one-fourth of the original applicants were denied admission to the program. Those accepted were atypical in yet another important way. Only five of the 67 men and women finally selected for treatment were Kinsey 6 (exclusively gay). The large majority were Kinsey 3 or 4—"bisexuals," as some prefer to call them. Further, 31 of the men and six of the women were married, and they entered the therapeutic program with their spouses (an additional two men and one woman were currently living in long-term heterosexual relationships).

To call such a sample "skewed" hardly does justice to the matter; the selected subjects were so ripe for change, they would likely turn yellow at first glance. The real surprise is that more did not. In fact, Masters and Johnson's "success" rate is almost certainly inflated. It turns out that after treatment ended, 16 men and three women became "unavailable" for follow-up study. It seems logical to assume that unavailability connotes a degree of disenchantment. Not to Masters and Johnson. By indulging in some dubious legerdemain based on "pro-rating," they are able to "estimate" that only four of those lost to follow-up actually returned to their homosexual ways—which further enables them to declare a two-thirds success rate; in truth, it is almost certainly closer to, and possibly below, 50 percent.

Contrivance is troubling enough, but ingenuousness more so. Masters and Johnson are disturbingly uninquisitive about the philosophical premises on which their project rests and "innocently" indifferent to its ramifications. This

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imperturbability · doubtless reflects enormous self-confidence. But given the nature of their enterprise (when closely scrutinized), assurance of that magnitude becomes an indictment, not a virtue.

For although Masters and Johnson will not see it, they are essentially engaged in promoting social conformity—the undertaking made more offensive for being paraded under the banner of liberation. They are bent on helping people pass muster, meet traditional social expectations, “achieve” heterosexual behavior. That this is often done in the name of protecting careers and social status merely compounds the conformism. Masters and Johnson seem never to question whether the emphasis on turning out secure and dutiful citizens is of ultimate advantage either to the individuals involved or to society (to self-actualization and to democracy); whether in helping their clients achieve a limited mechanical proficiency, they may not have disabled them emotionally, crippled their prospects for finding love; whether gain is best measured by a heightened ability to comply with prescribed sociosexual norms or by a heightened sense of inner integrity (success in living with oneself). Masters and Johnson are expert in creating a well-regimented band—and in muffling all the different drummers.

Recall the case of “N”, the man who “reverted” to heterosexuality—a

“success” story. But “success” by what definition, and at what cost? Those who believe that the continuing expansion of options is the best gauge of continuing vitality, will see in “N”’s decision to commit himself solely to heterosexuality not an advance—given the potential he had shown to relate fully to women and men—but a defeat, an artificial truncation wrought by social fear. Masters and Johnson tell us nothing about “N”’s inner life (perhaps they never asked). But it is possible to wonder whether his “conversion” produced a greater or lesser alignment between his outer behavior and his inner needs. In giving up homosexual activity, did “N” cease to have homosexual *fantasies*? A reversal in behavior is not the same as a reversal in desire. One can learn to perform sexually as a heterosexual and still not feel or perceive what a heterosexual does; it is the difference between physiology and psychology—between fucking and loving. A crucial distinction, if one wants to talk responsibly and with precision about “conversion” and “change.” It’s a distinction Masters and Johnson never draw. One gets the sinking feeling they may be unaware it exists.

Martin Bauml Duberman

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abilities. But Coleman showed that the new federal aid programs, aimed at reducing class sizes, improving school laboratories and facilities, increasing the amount of aid per pupil, and otherwise spending more dollars on poor and minority pupils, offered little hope of changing these depressing outcomes.

Coleman’s major finding—that schools, as now constituted, have little effect on overcoming the disadvantages children bring from home—was popularly interpreted as meaning schools have no effects, which Coleman himself never said. He would agree, for instance, that without schools many children would never learn mathematics or understand the principles of science. He simply pointed out that schools seemed powerless to reduce inequalities in the cognitive deficits between groups of pupils.

In 1972 Christopher Jencks and a group of social scientists at Harvard reanalyzed Coleman’s findings in the light of other social and economic data. Jencks’s statistical analyses showed that, even if schools could ensure perfect cognitive equality among pupils, life outcomes, measured by occupational status and amount of income, would not

Fifteen Thousand Hours:

Secondary Schools and Their Effects on Children

by Michael Rutter, Barbara Maugham, Peter Mortimer, Janet Ouston, with Alan Smith

(Harvard University Press; \$10)

Discussions of school policy have been enveloped in pessimism ever since James Coleman and his colleagues published their study of *Equality of Educational Opportunity* in 1966. There was some good news in Coleman’s report. He showed, for example, that there were no terrible inequalities, in costs and facilities, in the schooling of black and white children. This pleased few policy-makers at the time, however, because Coleman conducted his study during the

period when, buoyed by the sentiment that such inequalities were widespread and required federal remedy, the first program of general aid for the schools was making its way through Congress. Coleman did confirm that although facilities were nearly equal, there were glaring differences in the results of schooling for black and white children, and between rich and poor children, as measured by scores on standardized tests of mathematical and verbal

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change much. The most important effect of schooling on occupational status was not improving one's IQ or knowledge, but on obtaining the certificates or degrees necessary for entry to some occupations. What one subsequently earned in any occupation did not depend as much on how bright one was as it did on luck, energy and charm and how much emphasis one placed on increased income as compared with other values, such as job security or increased leisure. Even if Coleman was wrong, and schools could do more to reduce inequalities, Jencks implied, what difference would it make in adult income and status?

Teachers and parents have been indifferent to the findings of these sociologists when they have not been angered by them. They have always known that schools have important effects even if large statistical studies à la Coleman and Jencks find none. As it turns out, they are quite right. And they now have some impressive statistical evidence to back them up in this ingenious and meticulous study by Michael Rutter and his colleagues in England.

Fifteen Thousand Hours is an advance over Coleman and Jencks in two ways. Coleman's data gained strength from its

size; he surveyed the achievement of 645,000 pupils in more than 4000 elementary and secondary schools. But all his data came from questionnaires or tests filled out by pupils, teachers and staff at only one moment in their school careers. By contrast, in *Fifteen Thousand Hours*, Rutter and his colleagues followed the same 2700 pupils from the end of elementary school through 12 different secondary schools in south London.

Second, although Coleman and Jencks examined outcomes that are undeniably important, the debate over their findings has obscured, if not obliterated, the fact that cognitive scores, occupational status and income are not the only or perhaps even the most important results of schooling. Rutter, who is a child psychiatrist at the University of London, suspected long ago that schools differed greatly in the climates they established and had quite different effects not only on the degree to which students applied themselves to their work but on whether they subsequently became delinquent. He was less interested in whether schools reduced cognitive or income inequalities than in whether schools have an effect on such outcomes as fostering decent behavior, helping more students pass exams and reducing the proportion who wind up in jail. Rutter measured academic performance by the school's success in helping students pass their school leaving exams (called the General Certificates or "O" levels in England). Unlike the standardized math and verbal tests Coleman employed, which are closer to being a proxy for general intelligence, these subject matter exams are a fairer test of what it is the schools are trying to achieve. In other words, Rutter judges the relative quality of schools in terms other than the degree to which they reduce variation in test scores or serve as social equalizers.

At the end of his seven-year study, he found that schools make an enormous difference if measured against a wider range of outcomes. A primary school child who is identified as potentially troublesome at age 10 has a 48 percent probability of getting into trouble if he goes to Secondary School A but only a nine percent likelihood if he goes to School B, although both schools take in roughly the same proportion of "difficult" children. In male delinquency rates as recorded by police, by age 17, the gap is nearly as large—29 percent between the worst and best school, although in the case of criminal behavior the academic mix of pupils in the school

has a much larger impact than the things—matters of attitude, style, tone, responsibility and level of expectations—Rutter was interested in.

The 12 comprehensive secondary schools in Rutter's study do not seem to differ to the outsider. They were all non-selective schools in inner London serving higher than average proportions of low income pupils. Nearly a fourth of the students were immigrants, most from the West Indies but also a fair number of Cypriots and a few Asians and Africans. The schools varied in size from 450 to 2000 pupils and some were nearly new while others had been built more than a century ago. As it turns out, these crude differences in age and size gave no clue to the success of the schools—a confirmation of Coleman's data.

But when viewed through the eyes of Rutter and his colleagues, these schools are very different indeed. In some schools nobody notices when teachers come late or whether they check on student homework; in others they do. Schools have very different "working conditions" for pupils; some are more prison-like while in others students can have a cup of hot tea, use the telephone and move freely during non-class periods. Rutter argues convincingly that these differences in climate between schools have effects on achievement and patterns of delinquency that are independent of a pupil's intelligence or home background. The climate is like a tide that lifts the success and standards of behavior of all students within the school, although it does not reduce the variations among pupils in the same school.

Rutter's team went about their work in a way that would have given even W. H. Auden hope that there are intelligent ways to "commit" a social science. They kept their eyes open when they handed out questionnaires to see how many students had to borrow a pencil from a friend or from the study staff. The observers paid attention to lateness, graffiti, the amount of fighting in the school and on the playground, damage to furniture, disruptive chatting in the back of the room and a host of other indicators. Since they were interested in both the forms and consistency of discipline in a school, they asked a sampling of the adults how they would respond to 10 specific disciplinary problems (example: "A very quiet first-year child is stealing small items from other pupils and keeping them in his/her locker"). The responses differed widely

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in some schools, in others staff and teachers were generally agreed about what would be done. Both degree of student responsibility and shared perspectives about discipline were associated with better outcomes.

Three broad patterns emerge from Rutter's findings:

First, schools differ in the expectations they have for pupils in ways that are independent of actual abilities or disposition to misbehavior. In the schools with favorable outcomes, teachers expected pupils to do well on exams, regularly assigned and marked homework (which turned out to be much more important than the amount of time pupils spent on homework), expected pupils to act responsibly and gave them more opportunity to do so through appointments to quasi-supervisory posts.

Teachers also conveyed their expectations in the way they behaved themselves. Students achieved more and behaved better in those schools where teachers were punctual, started lessons on time and taught a full period. Philip Cusick in *Inside High School* was one of the first to show that some teachers spend less than half as much time actually teaching as others, and Rutter's careful classroom observations further demonstrate major differences in teacher work norms among schools. Teachers in one school spent more than a third of class time in non-subject matter activities (chatting about sports, attending to administrative matters, fiddling with a projector or cleaning up), whereas in others the average loss of teaching time was less than 15 percent. Expectations are also created by senior staff. In some schools teachers knew that senior staff were checking to see whether they'd set reasonable homework assignments and in others they thought their superiors didn't care.

The second thread that runs through the data is that consistency and shared norms are strongly related to both better behavior and exam success. Apparently good schools are like good families. The specific forms of punishment do not matter so much as that the parents or teachers are generally fair and consistent both about the standards they expect and the penalties for transgressing them. Schools in the sample differed both in their consensus about goals (based upon staff ranking of goals ranging from "helping students to develop their personality" to "preparing them for a job") and in their agreement about the means for achieving them. In

the poorest performing schools, teachers taught pretty much as they wanted, whereas there were better results when teachers engaged in joint planning, which also resulted in higher morale because it reduced the staff isolation common in elementary and secondary schools.

Third, schools provide kinds of feedback to students other than formal grading. Rutter's is one of the most careful studies we have of the amount of reward and punishment in schools. On the average, there was three times as much punishment as reward. But the differences among schools were significant, and the outcomes in both behavior and delinquency were better in those schools where teachers frequently praised pupils' work. Schools that took students on outings more often also had better academic results, as did schools whose staff was willing to see pupils at any time about a problem, and not just during stated hours.

Rutter's study meets very high methodological standards. He carefully isolates the effects of individual ability. But he also shows that academically able students exert a group effect on tone or motivation. A minimal

number of such students seems necessary to trigger the other school effects which improve the outcomes for the bright as well as for the slow pupils. Rutter seems to be saying that it would do little good to integrate black children from Roxbury into a white high school in South Boston where only a handful of children go to college.

Rutter's study has the virtue of showing a pattern of outcomes that gives strong evidence of an underlying pattern of causality. Yet we must remain skeptical about just what the true cause may be.

What we know for certain as a result of Rutter's work is that our previous measures of school differences were too crude to reveal very significant differences in school climates, and that these climates—which are created by the adults and pupils in the school—do have real effects. We don't know what may cause these differences. The most important thing may be the ability of a headteacher or principal to create trust between himself or herself and the staff and to engage in conversation with teachers about essential matters; all the rest—consistency, expectations and enabling conditions—may flow

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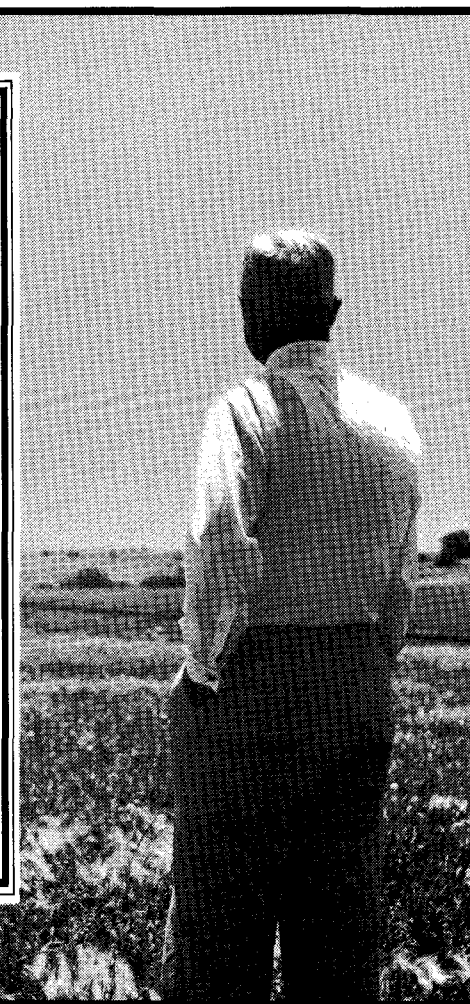
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We should remember, too, that this study gives high rating to schools that promote good citizenship and achieve exam success. It does not tell us anything about the content of a good education, or the degree to which it could be measured by differences in the development of creativity, love of learning, or critical thinking, although the "O" level exams measure some of these things. A Nazi school could perform well on Rutter's criteria without realizing our ideal of a good education. Yet it would be hard to achieve a good education in a school that did not create the kinds of enabling conditions Rutter highlights.

Rutter's study is of considerable importance, if not altogether comforting when one considers its implications in the American context. For one of the incontrovertible findings of Rutter's work is that you can't have a good school without creating some shared feelings among the adults about the standards that govern life in the school community. Yet in the contemporary urban United States there are signs that our high schools are afflicted with a disturbing instability. Although we seem to be nearing the end of a period of headline-catching incidents of racial disturbances and school violence, there is still endemic interclass and interracial tension in our high schools, and this occurs in a new context of multi-ethnic pride and machismo. School officials are afraid to act when virtually any charge of racism wins instant credibility, and traditional ways of maintaining order have been upended by complex new

regulations and quasi-legal structures for dealing with a wide range of grievances. Furthermore, the pressures exerted by increasingly militant children's rights advocates threaten to splinter the authority structure in some schools. As Willard Waller observed nearly 50 years ago, teachers and pupils have always confronted each other "with attitudes from which the underlying hostilities can never be altogether removed." But when well-intentioned remedies for child abuse have ballooned into powerful weapons in the hands of upper middle-class children who can bring a posse of "child protectives" down on the necks of adults, the balance has tipped to a point where parents and teachers are often on the defensive. Children who then find themselves in uncomfortable or even intolerable conflicts with their peers are trapped because they feel they cannot call for help on the adults whose authority they have sought to undermine. Here is one measure of the immense cultural differences between England and America on such an issue. Rutter notes as one of his indicators of adherence to school norms the degree to which pupils in this tough area of London observe the rules about the wearing of school uniforms. As it turns out, most do.

Gerald Grant

Gerald Grant, professor of sociology and education at Syracuse University, is co-author, with David Riesman, of *The Perpetual Dream: Reform and Experiment in the American College* (University of Chicago Press).

The Future of Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class

by Alvin W. Gouldner

(Seabury Press; \$8.95)

Alvin Gouldner's long and tortuous love affair with Marxism has finally come to an end. Over the years, in a distinguished series of books on various topics, Gouldner used a radical Marxian perspective in an attempt to shake the social sciences from what he considered their complacent acquiescence in things as they are. He now says goodbye to all

that. "Marxism," he states, "is the false consciousness of cultural bourgeoisie who have been radicalized." "Marxism was made . . . by the son of a minor Prussian bureaucrat and the son of a multi-national industrialist, both of mandarin culture." Though it conceived of itself as the fighting science of a proletariat on the way to the conquest of

power, it was in reality a doctrine based on a fusion of Romanticism and Positivism "in which a section of the alienated New Class [was] seeking a mass basis in the proletariat." Marxism proclaimed that the working class was the "universal class" in which the future of mankind was vested. This was a delusion. In all of history, "The lowliest class never came to power. Nor does it seem likely to now."

The universal class to which the future is likely to belong, Gouldner's main thesis runs, is not the proletariat, but the New Class encompassing both the technical intelligentsia and humanistic intellectuals. Tensions and conflicts between the two main components of the New Class abound, and the class as a whole is flawed by self-seeking strivings to enhance its own interests and power. "Yet [it] may also be the best card that history has presently given us to play." Its power is growing, and though the New Class might still need a longish period of historical maturation, it is likely that it holds a corner on the future.

The New Class, according to the author, owes its origin to the disaffection and alienation of intellectuals and members of the intelligentsia from bourgeois domination and bureaucratic management alike. It cultivates a "culture of critical discourse" that undermines particularistic and situation-bound criteria in the name of rational, universalistic standards that are free from traditional attachments and pragmatic considerations. Its "grammar of critical discourse claims to sit in judgment over the actions and claims of any class and all power elites." The New Class, moreover, is committed to a total vision of things and chafes under the restrictions that market-bound criteria or bureaucratic routines impose on social action.

Turning to the social origins of the New Class, Gouldner sees it arising out of the blockage of opportunities for upward mobility that members or potential members of the New Class have experienced under capitalism or incipient capitalism. The French, the Russian and the Chinese revolutions, Marxism, the new left of the 1960s, the various national liberation movements of the third world, were all led by alienated intellectuals who, even when they were unaware of this, "objectively" furthered the interests of the New Class. They became revolutionaries because they noted the disparity between their income and their power in

the prevailing scheme of things on the one side, and their cultural capital, social weight and self-regard on the other.

Although distancing himself in one way or another from all of them, Gouldner follows in the footsteps of Saint-Simon and Veblen in the past, and Daniel Bell, John Kenneth Galbraith, Adolph Berle and Gardner Means, and, above all, James Burnham in the present. He is especially close to Burnham because, like him, having believed for a long time in the proletariat's liberating mission, he now invests the New Class with an equally universal burden. Both of these men, though they differ in many particulars, have been unable to divest themselves of the fatal Marxian bent to look for one master key to history and for one saving "universal class." Most of the other New Class analysts write with a measure of analytical sobriety and cool detachment, but Burnham and Gouldner write with the excitement and nervous exhilaration of explorers who have just discovered the shape of things to come. They have seen the future, and it seems to work.

The trouble with all this is that the concept of the New Class is so elastic and protean that practically anybody with a modicum of educational attainments can be included in it. But what have Leninist "professional revolutionaries" in common with the modern professions? Che Guevara, Gouldner notes, was trained as a physician and is hence a representative of the New Class. What characteristics does he share with an American pediatrician or a British barrister, except that they both use abstract language? Gouldner casts his net so wide that he is bound to bring forth a lot of miscellaneous creatures with little in common—except that they were indeed caught in the same net. If the students of the 1960s are members, or potential members, of the New Class along with the technocrats, engineers and detached scholars against whom they revolted, one wonders what increment of knowledge is gained by using such promiscuous terminology. Much of Gouldner's argument involves a stress on the functional indispensability of the New Class in the working of Eastern and Western societies alike. But indispensability is never a clue to solidarity and conjoint class action.

Marx expected that the working class, due to its concentration in large-scale factories, would develop such solidarity—as it did. But Gouldner does not even begin to show how and where his New Class has developed an

autonomous communality of outlook and values. What is it that binds a computer programmer to a humanistic scholar or to a Marxian intellectual? Such people, to use Marxian terminology for a moment, do not constitute a class in itself and surely not a class for itself. As C. Wright Mills argued long ago, "occupational skill is not identical with class position."

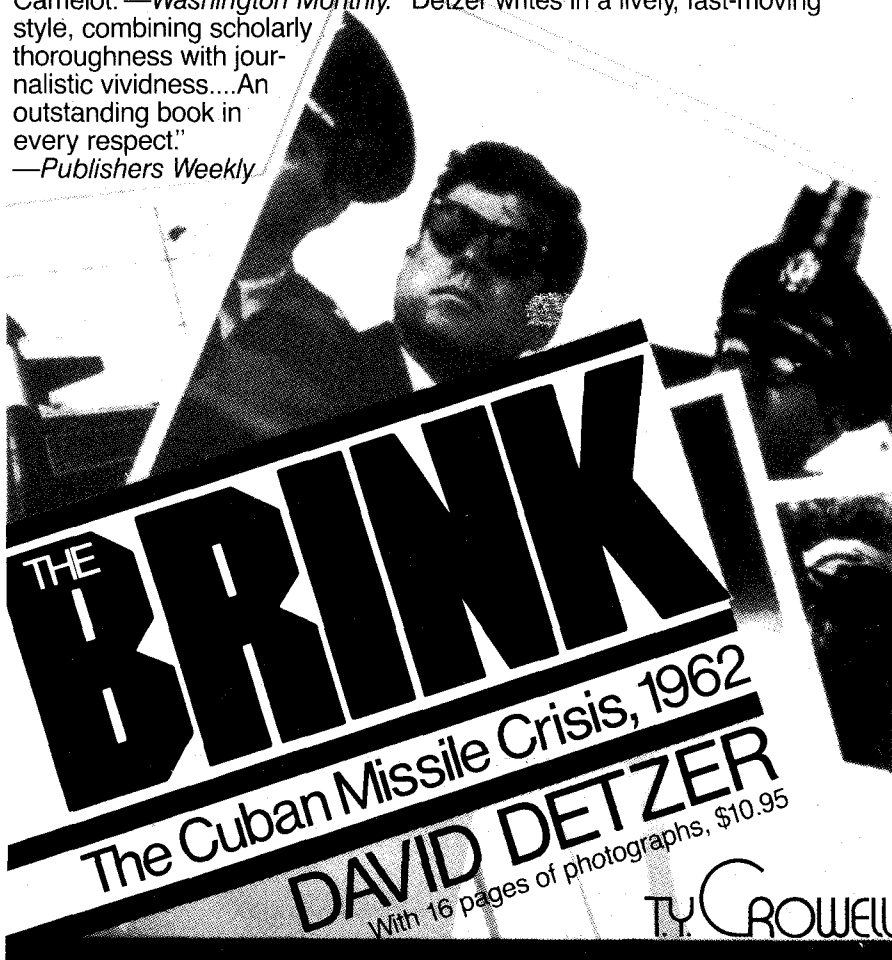
Some of Gouldner's earlier books provide extensive documentation for his ideas. This is, alas, not the case here. He gives us only the bare bones of his argument in the form of 16 overall theses and, instead of documenting them, just provides miscellaneous ex-

amples. But examples never provide sufficient evidence. Furthermore, some of these examples are sloppy. What is one to make, say, of Gouldner's statement that "There have been . . . important historical occasions when the New Class was widely united as . . . in opposition to the United States' war on Vietnam." Widely united? Tell that to the members of the American Chemical Society or to the body of professional engineers. Gouldner reasons from the company he keeps to all members of his New Class, a mistake that social scientists should avoid. When Ford's victory over Reagan is largely attributed to the New Class, when "East and West détente

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is a project of the New Class," one begins to wonder.

Gouldner has shown, though he is hardly the first to have done so, the functional significance of the technical intelligentsia and of modern professionals in the running of post-industrial societies, but he has failed to sustain his major prediction that they will inherit the earth. As long as they do not develop an autonomous consciousness of kind, a common system of values, and a common political thrust, they are likely to

remain the servants of power, and not become its new masters.

Lewis Coser

Lewis Coser, the author of *Men of Ideas* (Free Press) and other books, is now at work on a study of the publishing industry (with Charles Kadushin and Walter Powell) titled *Gatekeepers of Ideas*, to be published by Basic Books next year. He teaches sociology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

travagario. De Costa finds one principle, that of change, persisting throughout Neruda's *obra*. All the books of verse and prose, some 50 over as many years, evolved under the shifting pressures of personal and historical circumstance. As Neruda says at the end of his great Spanish Civil War poem, "I Explain Some Things":

*So you ask why his poems
don't speak about dreams, and leaves,
and great volcanoes in his native land? . . .
come see the blood
in the streets!*

De Costa provides a good deal of useful background and context for the poetry. Some familiar items and some previously unavailable in English reveal Neruda's pre-publication trials and the mixed critical reception of his early lyrics. What's more, by age 20 he had written and been interviewed on his own fermenting poetic aims. As de Costa shows, Neruda was never the type of withdrawn spirit implied by "The Great Urinator."

Nor was he an "artless poet"—not in the astonishing *Residence on Earth* (1925-35), where his unwilling eye somehow sustains and shapes the disintegrating force of things around him, or in the plain and concrete odes, whose simplicity he found difficult to achieve. De Costa points out the multiple narrators in *Canto general* and the variety of styles, from "intensely lyrical" to "stagily dramatic." He also takes the time, in this fairly short book, to make attentive remarks on Neruda's prosodic technique. As it happens, *Venture of the Infinite Man* (1926) receives 17 pages of analysis, while the longer and far richer *Heights of Macchu Picchu* (1946) receives only four; but the earlier work had been neglected, so de Costa has good reason for this emphasis. Each chapter includes several entire poems in the original, with serviceable prose translations, giving the Spanish-less reader the sense if not the sensuousness of Neruda's writing.

I have misgivings about one of de Costa's interpretative practices. In demonstrating Neruda's "repertoire of poetizing procedures," he relies habitually on passive constructions. On one page alone, for instance, an encounter with night "is poetized in a lyric style," a woman's body "is directly metaphorized," a cosmic union "is realized," a movement between past and present "is . . . compressed in the same strophe, a device that effectively serves to contemporize the flashbacks." This

The Poetry of Pablo Neruda by René de Costa

(Harvard University Press; \$12.50)

In August 1973, a month before his death and the brutal military seizure of Chile, Pablo Neruda published a poem that cuts ironically across those events. In "The Great Urinator," he pictures a bronze-colored rain falling on automobiles, factories, church domes, cemeteries, and

*frightened passers-by
with no umbrellas
. . . while avenues were flooding
and inexhaustible urine seeping
under doors,
backing up drains, undermining
marble floors.*

People cry out, where does this come from, what does it mean? But Neruda just says, "I am a pale and artless poet/not here to solve enigmas/or propose special umbrellas." He ends: "So long! I salute and go off/to a country where they won't ask me questions."

The humor here, in a man dying from cancer of the prostate, may also mask anguish at Chile's desperate condition in 1973. Shortly before "The Great Urinator" appeared, Neruda issued a wall poster urging artists and intellectuals to work against the impending civil war. From the Spanish Civil War onward, he had never hesitated to follow up the humane, popular impulse in his poetry by speaking out when he recognized political oppression or abuse. After his death, a right-wing mob ransacked Neruda's home and books—final evidence of how much this poet

counted as a public figure in Chile.

During the last two decades of his career, when his epic *Canto general* (1950) had spoken for the integrity of Latin America and his *Odas elementales* (1954) for the simple things of common life, Neruda developed a pair of ideas that helped authenticate him as a poet. He said his voice came from the people and his words up through him from the land—from *pueblo* and *tierra*. However true this may have been, he felt that such sources gave a kind of natural and inevitable character to his poems. Accordingly, he professed little interest in the critical interpretation of his work, yet interpretation has gone on apace, at least in Spanish. In English, since the 1930s, there have been only scattered in-depth studies of Neruda's writing, along with numerous anthology headnotes, translators' prefaces, reviews and interviews; because of his political and poetic prominence, Neruda must have been the most interviewed artist of his time.

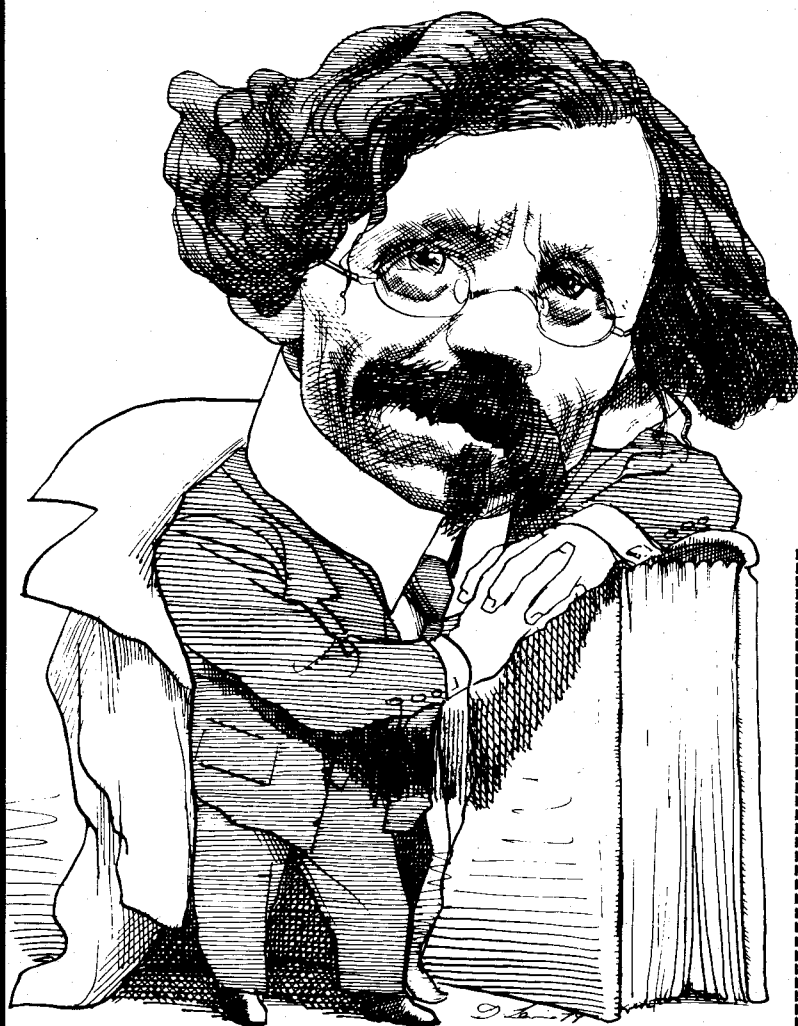
René de Costa's book, the first in this country to be devoted to Neruda, guides us through six majors works from 1924 to 1958, each within what de Costa calls the "socioaesthetic context" of its time: the sensual lyrics in *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*, the surrealist experiment in *Venture of the Infinite Man*, the movement from alienation to solidarity in *Residence on Earth*, the partisan chronicle of Latin American time and place in *Canto general*, the celebration of everything under the sun in *Elemental Odes*, the wry, conversational *Es-*

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mechanical, functional view puts off the reader who would like to feel Neruda's energy, surprise and color at first hand. We needn't see him as a purely instinctual poet to find active ways of saying what happens in Neruda's verse.

In general, though, René de Costa guides us intelligently through a range of styles and subjects. North Americans

can be grateful for a serious, extended study of Neruda.

John Felstiner

John Felstiner is the author of *The Lies of Art: Max Beerbohm's Parody and Caricature* (Knopf) and has published translations and critical studies of Neruda.

The Grease Machine: The Inside Story of Lockheed's Dollar Diplomacy by David Boulton

(Harper & Row; \$12.50)

If the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation had no other claim to notoriety, its "Starfighter" would be sufficient. Originally billed as "the missile with a man in it," the Starfighter was designed to be a light-weight, high-flying, easily maneuverable plane. Conceived in the aftermath of the Korean War, it was supposed to be capable of outperforming the Soviet MiG-15. Instead, the first Starfighters were incapable of flying safely at all.

As successive Starfighters proved unflyable, Lockheed's engineers kept going back to the drawing boards. Eventually, a plane originally designed to weigh 15,000 pounds was stuffed with more than 13,000 pounds of navigational aides and corrective devices, producing an ungainly and still unsafe jet fighter.

Having invested heavily in developing this Edsel of the air, the US Air Force refused to buy the Starfighters, leaving Lockheed with the problem of how to sell more than 2500 of them. Lockheed turned to America's overseas allies—first to the defeated axis powers, Japan, West Germany and Italy, and later to Indonesia, the Netherlands and Saudi Arabia. How does a company sell a defective jet fighter plane to nations that have not needed air forces since the end of World War II? With the ingenuity that built our economic system, Lockheed hit upon the only answer to this riddle—bribe the prospective customers!

The Grease Machine tells the story of how Lockheed—the world's largest defense contractor—spent at least \$200 million in "commissions" to well-connected business and political leaders,

and at least \$38 million in outright bribes to foreign government officials, in a successful effort to peddle the Starfighter and other useful items from its product line.

As a former British television news editor, David Boulton has told the Lockheed story once before in his TV documentary, "How to Sell an Airplane." A talented investigative reporter, Boulton obtained most of his factual material from a painstaking examination of the public record of three separate investigations of Lockheed by the Securities and Exchange Commission, Frank Church's Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations and William Proxmire's Senate Banking Subcommittee. Much of this story, however, has already been told by Anthony Sampson in *The Arms Bazaar*, a study of the defense industry throughout the world. And although Boulton tells the story well, *The Grease Machine* bears the mark of its origin as a television documentary—an emphasis upon names, dates and anecdotes, rather than analysis.

The Lockheed bribe story reads like a novel that neither Harold Robbins nor John LeCarré would dare publish. Howard Hunt comes to mind as the only living writer who might have imagined—or assembled—the cast of characters that Lockheed hired to put in the fix in foreign capitals. Lockheed's man in Tokyo, for instance, was Yoshio Kodama, a former fascist youth gang leader and self-made billionaire, who had served a prison term after World War II as a war criminal. In the Middle East, Lockheed paid \$106 million for the

services of Adnan Khashoggi, a young Arab, whose connections included Prince Khalid of Saudi Arabia. Long before Watergate, Lockheed developed the technique of laundering money through Swiss Banks for its European operations and through a variety of other schemes elsewhere, including a charitable fund for widows and orphans in Indonesia. After the fixers and the money handlers skimmed off their percentage of the take, much of the remainder of Lockheed's slush fund found its way into the pockets of foreign government officials; the alleged recipients include Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, former prime minister Tanaka of Japan, and a former prime minister and two former defense ministers of Italy.

Ten years ago, when Lockheed's multinational bribery campaign was in full swing, Boulton's exposé would have come as a stunning revelation to most Americans. Today, anyone who reads the daily newspapers is aware that Lockheed corrupted the political system in Japan, Italy and the Netherlands. The details of Lockheed's operations, as recounted in *The Grease Machine*, are more numbing than enlightening, despite Boulton's entertaining writing style.

Instead of analyzing the political and economic context of Lockheed's costly sales campaigns, Boulton—ever the fair-minded journalist—attempts to explain the corporation's behavior from the point of view of its executives. While refusing to condone Lockheed's criminality, Boulton notes that Houghton

[Lockheed's president and later chairman] and his men—good, patriotic, God-fearing Republicans, most of them—bribed recklessly because they came to fear the alternative was the collapse of their company, with catastrophic consequences for employment and their country's defense capability.

The implication is that bribery may have been the only effective sales policy in corrupt foreign capitals; when in Rome, even "good patriotic God-fearing Republicans" must do as the Romans do.

In fact, as Boulton's account makes clear, bribery was the only way for Lockheed to peddle defective products such as the Starfighter, and the Americans were the corrupters—not the corrupted. Far from being unique to Lockheed, bribery, influence-peddling and other high-pressure tactics are endemic to the modern defense industry. What Boulton tells us about is the grease, not the machine.

Lockheed and its rivals occupy a

twilight zone in the American system. Neither public nor private enterprises, they are immune from the discipline of the marketplace and exempt from political accountability. As John Kenneth Galbraith has written, the major defense contractors are dependent upon the federal government not only for their market, but also for their major source of working capital—in the form of “progress payments” on their contracts. As always, the federal government is intensely dependent upon its dependents; the defense contractors exert a stranglehold upon Washington, as the only producers of war materials, as major employers, as repositories of heavy capital investments, and as the keepers of important foreign clients. Boulton briefly describes the futility of attempts by Robert McNamara’s Defense Department technocrats to control cost overruns by Lockheed and other contractors. Faced with the contractors’ threats to go out of business if cost controls were enforced, the Pentagon invariably coughed up the money the contractors demanded. After Lockheed fell upon hard times as a result of heavy losses on the L-1011 Tri-Star airliner and the C-5A transport plane, the aerospace corporation led the way for other giant corporations to become virtual wards of the state. Following Lockheed’s threat to go bankrupt, and at the urging of then-treasury secretary John Connally, Congress agreed to have the taxpayers guarantee a \$250-million loan to the ailing aerospace company.

The Lockheed loan revealed the extent to which Lockheed and other giant defense contractors have distorted the American political process, as well as the political systems of our allies. With 210 retired US military officers on its payroll in 1968 (the last year anyone bothered to check), Lockheed and other contractors have patriotically served as the employers of last resort for armed services personnel in their declining years. Moreover, the aerospace and defense companies are generous contributors to political campaigns, including Richard Nixon’s reelection in 1972. The contractors’ institutional power as armaments suppliers and major employers, however, is so overwhelming that they need not resort to bribing domestic politicians, except in unusual circumstances. In the United States, as much as in Italy and Japan, the governmental customer ends up as the property of the arms merchant. As Galbraith has written, one need not be a

socialist to advocate nationalization of the aerospace and defense contractors; one need only be concerned with preserving a semblance of the government’s independence from these industries.

After devoting 275 pages to chronicling Lockheed’s record of corrupt business practices, Boulton concludes his history with a happy ending. Under new management, Boulton reports, the “New Lockheed” has sworn off bribery and emerged as “the world’s first born-again corporation.”

Born Again? It is wise to consult two business publications, both of which are more familiar with the state of Lockheed’s soul than is this British muckraker. The October 1977 *Fortune* explains that Lockheed has returned to prosperity not only through moral rearmament but also by winning a \$4-billion Pentagon contract for the Trident submarine-launched missile. “America Tomorrow,” a report published by the *Wall Street Journal* in 1977, predicts that Lockheed will eventually drop out of commercial airline manufacturing entirely, leaving it solely in the business of defense contracting.

If Lockheed’s Pentagon contracts turn sour, it should come as no surprise if the aerospace corporation again turns its bribing salesmen loose overseas. Like other potential repeating offenders, the Lockheed Corporation comes from a bad environment.

David Kusnet

David Kusnet’s articles and reviews have appeared in the *Nation*, *Dissent*, the *Washington Monthly* and the *Newsletter of the Democratic Left*.

Brief Reviews

**Continuing the Good Life:
Half a Century
of Homesteading
by Helen and Scott Nearing**
(Schocken; \$9.95)

Addicts of the self-help movement would do well to abandon their fevered inner probings for several hours and read Helen and Scott Nearing’s new book. The Nearings’ unflagging goal, throughout almost 50 years of homesteading, has been “maintaining health and vigor with a minimum of

effort and money and a maximum of satisfaction.” Helen is now 75 years old and Scott 95, and they continue to pursue the good life; “. . . we, at advanced ages, are still questioning, investigating, searching and aiming to build a more rewarding and creative life. For those who are so minded and so willed, we have written this book.”

Continuing the Good Life is the sequel to *Living the Good Life* (first published in 1954 and now in its 17th printing), a book about the Nearings’ first homesteading venture in Vermont. They left New York City in 1932, rejecting a society “falling prey to fascism and on the verge of another world-wide military free-for-all,” and rejected in turn by a society that scorned their dedication to pacifism, vegetarianism and collectivism. “Where,” they wondered, “could outcasts from a dying social order live frugally and decently, and at the same time have sufficient leisure and energy to assist in the speedy liquidation of the disintegrating society and to help replace it with a more workable social system?” They found their answer first in a 65-acre bankrupt farm in Jamaica, Vermont and then, relocating in 1952, in their current homestead in Harborside, Maine.

Continuing the Good Life is filled with sage advice on ways to use land efficiently. Organic gardeners, the Nearings fertilize their crops with painstakingly

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prepared compost piles and have extended the growing season of their vegetables by building their own greenhouse. They designed and constructed their outhouse and two-story stone house. Strict vegetarians, they produce 85 percent of their food and all of their fuel except gasoline for their car. Blueberries are their "cash crop," their one concession to the money economy.

The Nearings convey their enthusiasm for their simple, resourceful way of life with unaffected charm. Cynics may deride the Thoreauvian romanticism of their philosophy and may question the extent to which they have assisted in the "speedy liquidation of the disintegrating society," but no one can deny the unqualified success of their pioneering experiment in homesteading.

D.W.

The Dogs of March by Ernest Hebert

(Viking; \$8.95)

We are used to extraordinary narrators. We have read fiction told by wizards with language (Donald Barthelme's protagonists, and Stanley Elkin's, Leonard Michaels's, and William Gass's), cunning deceivers (Nabokov's Humbert Humbert, Percy's Binx Bolling), and sensitive, clear-thinking individuals (in Bellow, Paley, Cheever, Updike). We seem to derive succor from characters who, faced with some of our troubles, are never at a loss for a clever turn of phrase or a penetrating insight. Howard Elman, the protagonist of *The Dogs of March*, is different. He's barely literate. And though his problems aren't trivial—he is recently unemployed, his family is falling apart, his 50 acres of New Hampshire land are being wrestled from him by debt and the coercion of

Zoe Cutter, a new rich neighbor, and her agent, Bert Reason—his narration is ineloquent and occasionally crude. Can we, accustomed to eloquence, care about him, or be interested in his simple-minded story?

At times it's hard to. He visualizes the word boutique as "boat-teak, or whatever the hell the name of the place was." He believes that certain powers ("committees of communists, big businessmen, and the Vatican") while seemingly at odds secretly run the world in league. These touches are too cute, as are his thoughts about the worth of his son Freddy's college education, and the scene in which he tries but fails to complete an application form at the employment office. But this is a first novel, and atoning for occasionally mishandled empathy are the fresh native associations of Elman's mind. When he expends more enthusiasm than he really feels he thinks of himself as "an engine that revs with unaccustomed vigor just before it runs out of gas." He thinks of his second daughter, Pegeen, as "a child he rarely spoke to, rarely felt much for, but merely watched grow as one watches a stunted tree struggle upward from poor soil into poor light." Most vivid is the way in which he expresses his violence—his killing of well-kept domestic dogs which, in March, chase wildly after winter-tired deer, and kill and feed on them.

The pace of the novel is uneven. After chapter one, in which Elman loses a finger in a textile machine, the story moves slowly along until the end of chapter 11, in which he returns home drunk and finds his wife in a heap at the bottom of a staircase. But the final third of the novel moves steadily; the scenes get better and better. Elman's story becomes more compelling. There is also a nice touch at the very end: Freddy has gone off to California to "learn book writing," just as Ernest Hebert went to California to study writing with Wallace Stegner at Stanford. On the final page Elman is confident that he has given his son "something to write about." He has, and though the book has faults it has several important virtues as well. *The Dogs of March* is not a powerful book, but it is a powerful reminder to readers of fiction narrated by sophisticates that a person's experiences do not have to be eloquently told to be moving.

Marc Granetz

Marc Granetz is the Harvard scholar at Cambridge University.

Correspondence, from page 3

By now the comic scene to which I refer in Allen's *Manhattan* is clear. As the Allen character berates Murphy, unbelievably accepting his friend's "betrayal," a skeleton hangs in the balance, so to speak, looking on, providing comic commentary on what is actually the film's dramatic climax. Allen's character does not acknowledge the bones' presence, but the audience knows he will, eventually, and we sit on the edge of our seats waiting for the inevitable. It comes, however, only after the characters' dialogue is concluded, a *coup de grace* in terms of Allen's suspension of the audience's interest and a fitting twist to an ancient film formula. It is just this nod to the past as he searches for his own creative future that makes Woody Allen the comic artist that he is.

J. Mark Burris

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

To the editors:

In response to the last sentence in The Washington Diarist column in the May 19 issue ("Pass the Salt") Please convey the following message to M.E.K.—I feel equivocal—sort of!

Allen I. Freehling

Los Angeles, California

'The Deer Hunter': lessons erased

To the editors:

Stanley Kauffmann seems to think that people like me who detest *The Deer Hunter* are upset because the Communists are portrayed in a bad light. What offends me is that *all* Vietnamese in the film (both Viet Cong and Saigonese) are depicted as savage, gibbering monkeys—sub-humans who are evil through and through. Even the one potentially humane scene—DeNiro with the Saigon prostitute—is shot through with racism; what kind of whore would let her child watch? Only an oriental whore, to be sure.

A man sitting behind me in the theater in Asheville muttered, "It's just like them gooks." I'm afraid that if I were an American who had never been to Vietnam, I would have come away with the same hatred for the Vietnamese.

I'll never forget my first day in Vietnam when I and other newcomers

Correction:

A line was transposed in Jack Beatty's review of Shiva Naipaul's *North of South* and V. S. Naipaul's *A Bend in the River* (TNR, June 9, page 39). The sentence should have read "For here are the themes of V. S. Naipaul's books: authenticity, fantasy as an immobilizing force, the squalid racket of third-world politics, the social comedy of underdevelopment—here they all are sounded in a more hysterical key."

were riding in the back of a truck from the airport to Long Binh. For some reason we stopped for a few minutes in a little village. We were all scared, for we had heard hundreds of horror stories about the sneaky, vicious "slopes" who inhabited this lovely land. From where I was sitting, I could see a Vietnamese mother in front of her hut, playing with her infant child. She was doing the things every mother does—kissing, cuddling, bouncing, hugging it.

As our truck pulled out, the GI next to me said, "Hey, man did you see that?"

"Yeah, what about it?"

"That gook woman—she . . . she loves her baby as much as an American mother would!"

We were learning. We were learning that despite their strange, sing-song language and their exotic culture, they were as fully human as we. We were learning a lesson which *The Deer Hunter*, with its grotesque racism, tries to erase.

Hamilton Gregory
Asheville, North Carolina

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My ad reads:



THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

Of the 15 American presidents in this century, only three have served two full terms. In fact, only two presidents in 80 years, FDR and Eisenhower, have served two full terms in peacetime. I regard this as one of those little facts whose interest and significance we never quite grasp, yet it has a certain piquancy at this moment and even this can be sharpened by looking at it in a different way. Of these 15 presidents, only seven ran twice for the office (counting TR's Bull Moose candidacy), and even of these only four were twice elected. So where do we get the idea that it is "natural" for a president to have two terms, and in particular that a president has somehow failed if he does not seek and win reelection? Of course we get it from the Twenty-Second Amendment. Once you say that no person *may* serve more than two terms, it begins to be assumed that all *ought* to serve two terms. What is so peculiar about a Coolidge choosing not to run again in 1928, when he could have had the nomination and election for the asking? I must quickly say that only the sly will see in these facts an invitation to anyone to ditch himself.

Meanwhile I have my own idea for cutting down the number of presidential hopefuls in the next year, which would be less expensive and tedious and hardly more erratic than the primaries. A candidate will automatically be eliminated from the race if he even once misuses the word "hopefully." By this reasonable and discriminating test, Edward M. Kennedy rules himself out several times a day, which may not just be a coincidence. The most extravagant promises are easy to make when prefaced by that saving hopefulness. But there is a more specific way in which to remove this thorn in the flesh. To save himself and us from all the noise and excitement of one more Kennedy, why does President Carter not use his diplomatic influence with the pope, and suggest that Edward Kennedy be made a cardinal with a special mission to the Irish? It is the sort of thing that the spiritual power in the past was always willing to do for the temporal power, and who can deny that Kennedy would cut a fine figure in the purple? It is better than going on complaining about the tortuous ways in which Edward

Kennedy just manages not to deny that he is a candidate for the nomination. What does the White House want him to say? That he will cross that bridge when he comes to it?

"In my beginning is my end." Well, maybe. But endings at this time of year in America are certainly in commencements. We really have no such exercises in England, and hitherto I have watched these rites only from a distance. But this year I was invited to give the commencement address at a private school for girls in Virginia. I have to say at once that there are certain things that ought to be kept sacred, and the commencement at a private school for girls in Virginia is one of them. I gathered that some of the graduating class had been guilty of various mischiefs in the preceding days and weeks, that some had been subdued by the threat that they would not be allowed to graduate, and that one had been sequestered (the word was used by one of the girls: "nothing less than sequestered") in the quarters of one of the mistresses. But one would have known none of this in the natural outside auditorium as, to the stately music of one of Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance marches, the Class of 1979 entered one by one with a dignity that reminded me of the coronation, and a charm that would have untied the tongue of a poetaster. Down through the trees, in their long white dresses, the red roses cradled in their arms: how could one think of them, even for a moment, as they are in their blue jeans, knowing of things like pot and booze and (so the headmistress will whisper) even—sex.

America has few enough ceremonies in any part of its life, and I am not in the least surprised that it was the girls themselves, on a very chilly Saturday with rain in the air, who insisted that the ceremony should take place outside. But what is the commencement speaker meant to say these days? As I explained to them, they would have been rather sickened if I had told them to be dutiful and brave and honorable in their lives, especially since these are not the qualities for which writers are most conspicuously renowned. One simply is not allowed to read homilies to the young now. But equally the opposite course was not open to me—to try to

corrupt them in 25 minutes—since it is the young who today corrupt their elders. It was, as I said to them, a challenge. How I solved it is a secret between me and them. Anyhow I may want to use the same speech some other year. With the tears and laughter of youth—the farewells, the promises, the troths—rousing the envy of senility in me, I looked at the magnificent grounds as I left: all of 400 acres of rolling country above the Potomac. Damn it; why can privilege be so appealing? Until we can provide these kinds of surroundings for all, I have to say that I hope that such relics of privilege will survive. They are an example and measure without which we would all be poorer.

For nine days and three hours, at the moment of writing, I have not had a cigarette. (Is this an ending or a commencement?) Knowing my own habits, and the preparation that I have made for this hour, I don't think I'll smoke again. People ask me if I feel better, even though I've never said I felt bad. The fact is that I've never felt worse. I've smoked three packs a day for about a quarter of a century, so it is hardly surprising that my body should feel more than a little deprived. For the first time in my life, I have become an insomniac. I wake up every 90 minutes on the dot. Presumably this is again my body crying out for some nicotine, though even I never smoked in my sleep. (Insomnia must surely be the worst of all ailments. It seems a fate worse than death, as one lopes 'round one's apartment at 2:55 a.m.) I have observed some interesting facts about giving up smoking, and preparing to do so, which perhaps I'll present to Joe Califano one day, but even so I have no intention of becoming a missionary. I enjoyed smoking; I now enjoy others smoking. Ah! The weed! The fragrance! In spirit I will never disown them.

Just as we have stopped hearing of Eurocommunism—that unidentified flying object in some political writers' imaginations—the same people are now discovering a new phenomenon. This time, on the basis of election results in Britain and Canada, and some lesser political shifts in Europe, we have Global Conservatism. Ho hum!

H.F.

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